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The Schweppshire Way of Life

5. CARE OF THE ATHLETE AND INFIRM

If there is one thing more true than another of Schweppshire, it is that it is more so. Sport is an example, as it is most more so of all. It seems strange, in the fixed silence of the Schweppshire Stadium, to remember that in primitive paleaeschweppic times, hands were clapped and winners of races showed pleasure.

Intensive training has removed all irrelevancies. By the fifth generation, high-jumpers have acquired grasshopper thighs, tug-of-war specialists have grown backs with cantilever ribs and Forth Bridge vertebrae. The nineteenth generation of track experts have evolved nails in the soles of their feet: the "greyhound profile" is clearly demonstrated in the illustration. Twin hearts provide the increase up with which the bloodstream is souped, and there is a small group of specialist quarter milers the pulses on whose wrists are already changing, by classical evolutionary stages, into proto-stop-watches.

These advances have not been won without cost. Pentathlon

competitors stand small chance of success unless they have developed pentathlete's heart, which means that when these athlons are not doing pent things at once, they cannot do anything at all.

However, bath chairs are provided to bring to the starting point sprinters who have lost the power of walking. The rest of their time athletes are kept in the darkness of minute cubicles. The light goes on every three hours when their meal of meal is brought to them on the conveyor belt. The notion that this life is unhappy must be wrong. It is easy to prove, by demonstrating that they have never known anything else, that nothing could be jollier.



Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him

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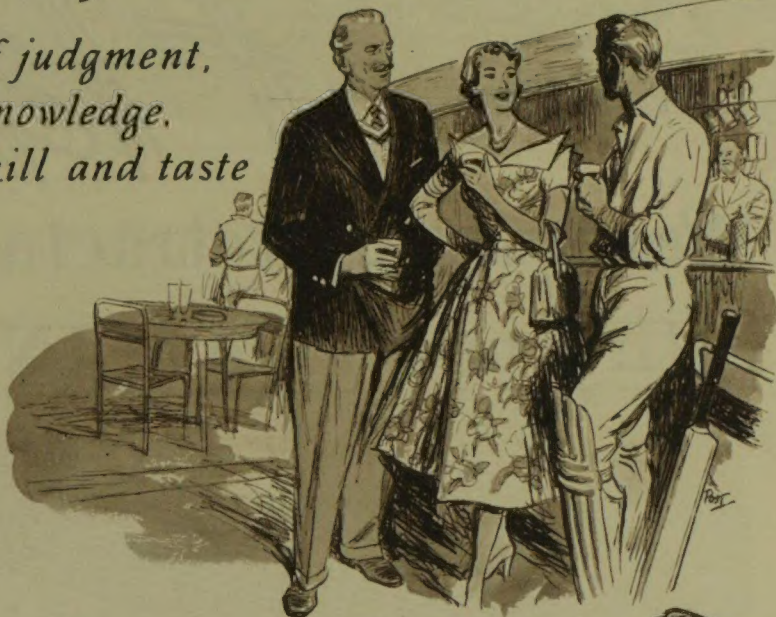
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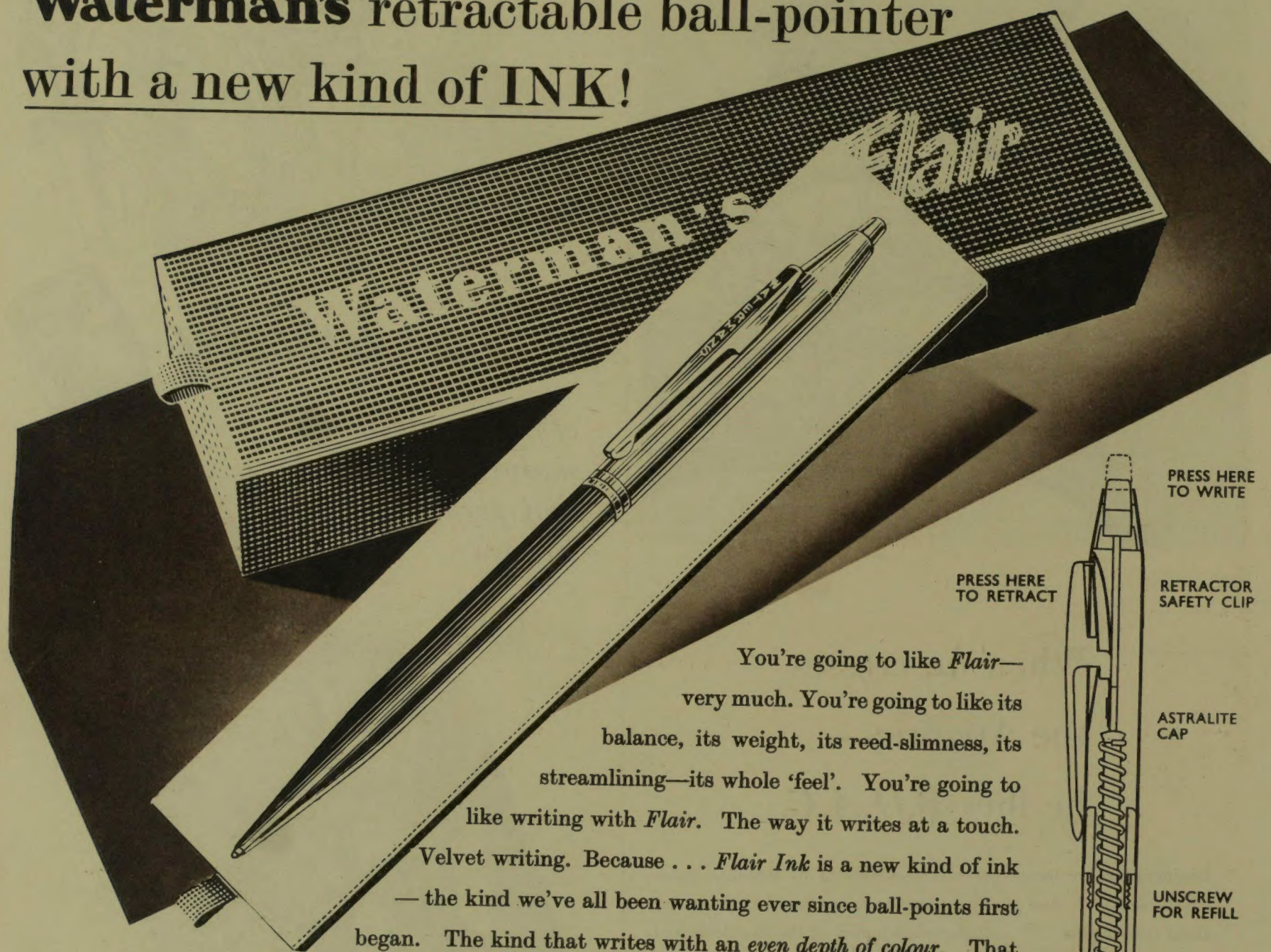
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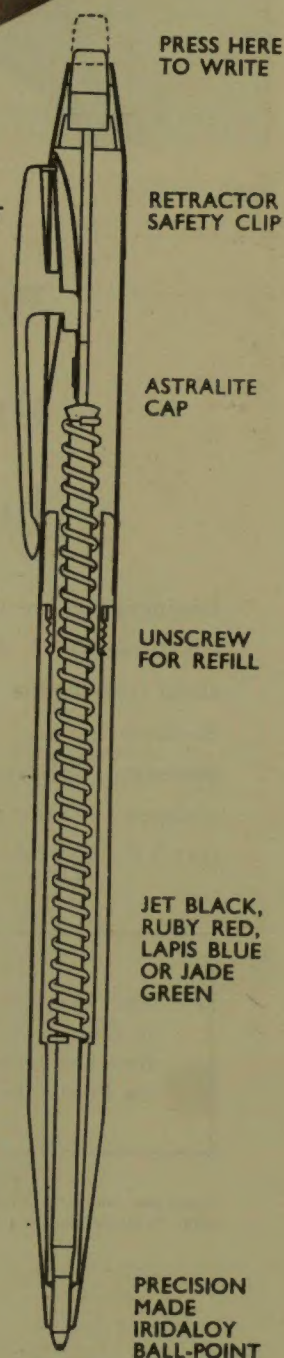
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SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1954.



"AN IMPRESSIVE SYMBOL OF ANGLO-GERMAN RAPPROCHEMENT": PRINCESS MARGARET, ACKNOWLEDGING THE WARM GREETINGS OF THE GERMAN CROWDS AT BONN, WALKING WITH DR. ADENAUER, THE WEST GERMAN CHANCELLOR.

Princess Margaret's visit to Western Germany on July 12-15 was primarily a visit to the British forces in Germany; but her arrival at Bonn was a holiday for German schoolchildren and the occasion of a very warm welcome in the Rhineland. After her arrival at Wahn Airport she drove the 20 miles to Bonn through villages lined with cheering children, and in Bonn itself the streets were filled with spectators. She was entertained to luncheon by the

West German President, Professor Heuss, Dr. Adenauer being among the guests, and it was at this occasion that the President said that the visit of Princess Margaret was "an impressive symbol of Anglo-German rapprochement"; and in her reply Princess Margaret said: "I am particularly glad to be here at a time when a new relationship is steadily growing up between our two countries." Other pictures of the Royal visit to Germany appear elsewhere in this issue.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THIRTY years ago—which is only yesterday to me but which to the young probably seems a very long time ago—there was a popular song about the virtues of trees. I cannot remember its exact words but their general purport was that one would never live to see "a poem lovelier than a tree." The final couplet, I believe, went something like this:

"Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree!"

Probably I have misquoted the author, for the verses had, I believe, some literary merit. But their impact on mankind would almost certainly have been exceedingly small had they not been set to music. For some reason the tune caught on and acquired an enormous popularity with the Anglo-Saxon peoples. For several years it could be heard on both sides of the Atlantic in almost every dance-hall, while couples revolved to its rather lugubrious strains looking ineffable things. And when sung by tenors at concerts, as sometimes happened, an immense and most embarrassing amount of feeling was generally put into it. One felt, hearing it, that the British and American peoples cared passionately about trees. It was as though they were trying to make amends for the one George Washington had cut down with his axe!

However, it now seems that the impression was misleading. I cannot speak for the Americans' attitude towards trees, but, judging by what is happening to England's forest trees under what since 1927 has been a "pure" democracy, the people of this country, to use their favourite contemporary phrase, "could not care less." At least, that is assuming that their democracy is a real and not a sham one, and that they are able to exert any effective authority over their elected representatives and the paid servants of those representatives. For ever since the late War the latter have been chopping down trees with happy abandon. Sometimes they cut them down on the ground that they shut out the light, sometimes because they regard them as untidy, and sometimes because they pronounce them to be unsafe. When they do not cut them down, they lop their branches and mutilate them into such fantastic shapes that they resemble, not so much trees, as limbless trunks. A little later they generally cut these down, too, on the ground that they are unsightly, so that in this way indiscriminate lopping and cutting come to much the same thing.

Nowhere has this massacre of trees been more persistent than in the metropolis. Square after square and road after road has been robbed of its familiar skyline of plane, lime and elm and of its vivid summer greenery. Even the lovely Royal parks have not escaped. Last winter Kensington Gardens, we are told by the authorities, suffered the loss of about a tenth of its trees at their hands and, judging by its shorn appearance this summer, one imagines a rather higher proportion of its fully grown ones. Next winter, we are promised, the same kindly and omniscient authority will take in hand the wholesome task of making Hyde Park also safe for democracy. And this, it appears, is only to be a beginning. For a deputation of "business men"—whatever that comprehensive term may mean—has presented a memorandum to the authorities urging that the Royal parks should be turned into a gigantic car-park for the cars of the well-to-do who, living outside the capital but having occasion to work or shop in it, apparently wish to avoid at one and the same time the necessity of having to travel by public conveyance and the equally disagreeable one of having to quarter their cars in metropolitan garages at commercial rates. The only solution to this private motorist's dilemma, it would appear, is to use the surface of the Royal parks—the immediate vicinity of the Palace, we are told, would be loyally avoided—as car-parks for the time being and to tunnel underneath them at the public expense to make underground ones for the future. This would involve, of course, the sacrifice of all the larger trees in the parks, but, as no-one except a few ageing sentimentalists seems to care any longer for trees, there is no occasion, we are told, to repine. And as if to prove that they, too, are in the van of progress, the statutory authorities, anticipating "private enterprise," have tentatively announced their intention, as a start, of making underground garages beneath three of the finest Georgian squares in the West End. The magnificent trees which have graced these for so long will therefore have to go, as their

civic value to London cannot be set in the scales against the convenience of visiting motorists. The right of the latter to poison the air, congest the thoroughfares, bemuse the ears and imperil the limbs and lives of Londoners is so sacred that nothing must be allowed to stand in its way. At least, judging by official pronouncements, that appears to be the view of our rulers. Pedestrians, we are told, may before long even be prosecuted for crossing the roads in front of their homes out of turn. This being so, how can mere trees receive consideration?

We have become, I suppose, an urban-minded race. Those who have concrete lamp-posts have no need for trees. If it wasn't for the necessity of providing timber for pit-props and houses and pulp for newspapers, trees by modern reckoning could be dispensed with altogether. Even our admirable

THE QUEEN'S VASE.



PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY BY THE BRITISH POTTERY MANUFACTURERS' FEDERATION TO COMMEMORATE THE CORONATION AND TO SYMBOLISE THE UNITY OF THE COMMONWEALTH: THE QUEEN'S VASE.



THE TEN QUEEN'S BEASTS, WHICH FIT INTO THE TEN NICHES AT THE BASE OF THE QUEEN'S VASE.

This vase, described as one of the most complicated pieces of bone china ever to be created, was presented to H.M. Queen Elizabeth at Buckingham Palace on July 14 in a private audience by representatives of the British Pottery Manufacturers' Federation; and it was designed by Mr. John Wadsworth, the seventy-five-year-old doyen of British pottery designers. It is 25½ ins. high (excluding the base of Australian black bean wood) and has an extreme width of 11½ ins. In the centre panel is the Royal Coat of Arms, with the Royal Standard below; and on the panels on either side the emblems of England, Scotland, Northern Ireland and Wales. On the seven remaining panels are the emblems of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Pakistan, Ceylon and the Republic of India. In niches at the foot stand models of the Queen's beasts. Over forty colours were used and several firings were necessary. Eleven copies have been made, with appropriate rearrangements of the Commonwealth emblems and the Royal Standard, and these were to be presented on July 20 by H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester to the Commonwealth High Commissioners and to Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, Captain Sir Norman Stronge and Lord Kenyon as representatives of England, Scotland, Northern Ireland, and Wales.

antagonistic to every form of life but himself, even the life that nourishes him. It is not without significance that in the Holkham Bible Picture Book—that wonderful fourteenth-century popularisation of mediæval theology—Cain's final act is the mutilation of a living oak. Trees are nature's lungs; if we destroy them needlessly we destroy in the end earth itself and the health and livelihood of those who live on it. They take up room, of course, that we need for other purposes, and we can make, like the greedy peasant Cain, a short-term and seemingly profitable use of their corpses. Nature permits us to do so provided—and this is always Nature's rule—we take for our use only in moderation and scrupulously preserve the enduring life of soil and forest, plant and stock, on which our own future and that of all other living things depend. It is the belief of those who feel as I, unrealistic sentimentalists as we must seem to hustlers in the van of progress; that we in England to-day, in thoughtless pursuit of the transient greed of the moment, are destroying our age-long heritage, not only of beauty—the outward symptom and expression of inner health—but of the sources of our physical and spiritual well-being.

and in most ways far-sighted Forestry Commission, which has done and is doing so much to re-afforest England with conifers—thus, arboriculturally speaking, putting back the hand of time by about ten thousand years—seems to regard trees purely as a utilitarian crop, to be grown as fast as possible and then speedily cut down to serve man's immediate economic ends. Indeed, to a modern mind, the suggestion that trees can have any other purpose but this is a mediæval superstition of the most reactionary kind. Yet a little reflection—not that modern minds find much time for reflection—leads one to an uncomfortable suspicion that trees may have some other purpose in the divine scheme of things than the provision of useful timber, for men and women. There may, it seems, be a fallacy in arrogantly supposing that the Creator of the world made it and everything in it for the sole use of one of its species and that everything that does not serve the immediate end of that one species can be safely eliminated. Nor, in the light of so much that has recently happened and is happening in the world, does it seem reasonable or even safe to assume that man is a far better judge of what can be discarded from the world than its Creator. All our scientific knowledge—even if common sense fails to suggest the fact—is making it apparent that everything in the natural world has a purpose and that any violent interference with the balance of nature brings about retribution in the shape of some horrid disaster. And trees are such an important part of the organic life of our planet—they both outnumber and far outlive men—that it seems asking for trouble to use our superior motive power to eliminate them for the sake of some supposed immediate advantage or convenience.

As the impending lesson of the atom suggests, what mankind has now to learn is how to stop exploiting nature and rediscover her wisdom. She can meet all our needs—food and drink, warmth and shade, rest and quiet, health and balance, and, if we but knew how to seek them, the greatest of all, faith and love. We shall not obtain these in the long run by tearing our mother earth to pieces or by dissecting her in the name of a blind science and then greedily selling her limbs. Our crime against trees is a symptom of our modern disease: the terrible and ultimately self-destroying disease of Cain, that in its all-grasping obsession with self makes corporate man blind and destructively

PRINCESS MARGARET'S GERMAN VISIT: MILITARY AND GERMAN CIVIL OCCASIONS.



PRINCESS MARGARET IN GERMANY INSPECTING THE 3RD THE KING'S OWN HUSSARS, A REGIMENT OF WHICH SHE IS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF, AT ISERLOHN. THE PARADE TOOK PLACE IN POURING RAIN.



INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR MOUNTED AT WAHN AIRPORT ON HER FIRST ARRIVAL IN GERMANY FOR HER VISIT TO THE BRITISH FORCES: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET.



PRINCESS MARGARET TALKING WITH THE PILOT OF THE HELICOPTER WHICH WAS TO HAVE FLOWN HER TO ISERLOHN. THE FLIGHT WAS CANCELLED.



WITH HER HOST, PROFESSOR HEUSS, PRESIDENT OF WEST GERMANY: PRINCESS MARGARET LEAVING THE VILLA HAMMERSCHMIDT AFTER HER LUNCHEON THERE.



PRESENTING A NEW STANDARD TO THE 20TH FIGHTER SQUADRON, R.A.F.: PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE ROYAL AIR FORCE STATION AT OLDENBURG.



BEING DRIVEN IN A LAND-ROVER FLYING HER STANDARD, DURING HER VISIT TO TWO R.A.F. STATIONS: PRINCESS MARGARET IN NORTH GERMANY.

Princess Margaret's visit to the British Forces in Germany was mainly a military occasion but her arrival at Wahn Airport and Bonn on July 12 was marked by a great German display of enthusiasm; and after inspecting a guard of honour mounted by the Royal Marines, the Coldstream Guards, the R.A.F. Regiment and Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, the Princess called on President Heuss, who entertained her to a luncheon at which the party included Dr. Adenauer, the British High Commissioner and the Commonwealth Ambassadors. Later she was to have flown in a helicopter to Iserlohn, but the flight was cancelled owing to bad weather and she went by road to visit the 3rd The King's Own Hussars, whom she inspected in pouring rain. On July 13 she flew from Costedt by Viking



PRINCESS MARGARET SHAKES HANDS WITH GENERAL SIR RICHARD GALE, C-IN-C. RHINE ARMY, HER HOST AT COSTEDT, NEAR BAD OEYNHAUSEN, ON HER ARRIVAL IN GERMANY.

to Oldenburg and visited R.A.F. stations there and at Ahlhorn. While at Ahlhorn she fired by remote control a burst of cannon-shells from a *Meteor* in the testing butts. On July 14 the Princess had a brief flight in a helicopter and declared that she had never been so thrilled by an aeroplane ride before. At Sennelager she saw a parade of 150 tanks and other vehicles of the 33rd Brigade drawn up in a huge hollow square and had luncheon as guest of the brigade's officers; and in the evening attended a gala ball given in her honour by the C-in-C. of the three Services, where she stayed until the small hours. On July 15, after a brief visit to Dusseldorf and luncheon with the Royal Navy Rhine Squadron, she left for England, reaching London Airport in the evening.

THE HAVOC OF THE CENTRAL EUROPEAN FLOODS: STREETS AS CANALS AND SCENES OF DISTRESS.



TOURING THE FLOODED STREETS OF YBBS IN A ROWING-BOAT: HERR JULIUS RAAB (RIGHT), THE AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR, WITH A RESCUE OFFICIAL DURING HIS VISIT TO THE INUNDATED AREAS.



KLOSTERNEUBURG, A SUBURB OF VIENNA: DURING ONE OF THE WORST DAYS OF THE FLOODING, WHEN FAMILIES MOVED ABOUT IN ROWING-BOATS AS THE ONLY MEANS OF TRANSPORT.



THE FLOODS IN VIENNA: WAREHOUSES AND FACTORIES STANDING IN A WASTE OF WATER. THE DANUBE INUNDATED THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY.



TAMED BY DANGER AND TOO EXHAUSTED TO SHOW FEAR OF MAN: A DEER BEING RESCUED FROM THE WATER, AND SUBMITTING GRATEFULLY TO HUMAN HELP.



WITH HOUSES STOREY-DEEP IN WATER: PASSAU, WHICH STANDS ON THE BORDERS OF BAVARIA AND AUSTRIA, AT THE CONFLUENCE OF THE DANUBE AND THE INN.

The havoc wrought by the floods in Austria and Bavaria is dramatically illustrated by these photographs, which show conditions in Passau, on the Bavarian-Austrian frontier, Linz, Vienna, and other districts during the height of the inundations. Linz, capital of Upper Austria, was one of the worst-hit cities. As the flood-crest swept on eastwards, six dam-bursts occurred between Melk and Vienna; and at one time in Vienna factories and warehouses in the suburbs stood in a waste of waters. Passau, which stands at the confluence of the Danube and



WHERE 15,000 PEOPLE WERE EVACUATED WHEN THE FLOODS WERE AT THEIR HEIGHT: LINZ, THE CAPITAL OF UPPER AUSTRIA, WHERE THE DANUBE DOUBLED ITS WIDTH.

the Inn, is specially vulnerable in flood-time and suffered badly. At the time of writing, the flood-crest of the Danube has reached Hungary and industrial areas of Budapest are reported to be threatened. Waters are receding further west, and the main Vienna-Salzburg railway has been reopened to single-line traffic. The hard and heavy task of removing the mud and rubbish from agricultural land and making houses habitable again has now to be faced. In Vienna and elsewhere British Servicemen have been working tirelessly unloading supplies to relieve distress.

THE CRITICAL STAGE AT GENEVA: M. MENDES-FRANCE'S EFFORTS TOWARDS A SOLUTION.



MR. EDEN RETURNS TO GENEVA AND IS SEEN (RIGHT) PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE AIRPORT WITH MRS. EDEN AND (LEFT) M. MENDES-FRANCE, THE FRENCH PREMIER.



M. MENDES-FRANCE (LEFT) SEEN AT THE VILLA OF MR. CHOU EN-LAI IN GENEVA DURING DISCUSSIONS WITH THE LATTER (RIGHT) THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF AN INTERPRETER (CENTRE.)



DURING PRIVATE DISCUSSIONS AT GENEVA: M. MENDES-FRANCE (RIGHT) MEETS MR. MOLOTOV (LEFT) DURING HIS INTENSIFIED ATTEMPTS TO FIND AN INDO-CHINA SOLUTION.



SHOWING SIGNS OF THE STRAIN WHICH HE HAS UNDERGONE TO BRING THE INDO-CHINA QUESTION TO A SOLUTION: M. MENDES-FRANCE, THE FRENCH PREMIER, AT GENEVA.



THE PREMIER OF FRANCE, M. MENDES-FRANCE (LEFT), WHO HAD PLEDGED HIMSELF TO FIND A SOLUTION OR RESIGN, SHAKES HANDS WITH MR. CHOU EN-LAI, THE CHINESE LEADER.



SHAKING HANDS WITH MR. NEHRU'S SPECIAL ENVOY TO THE GENEVA TALKS, MR. KRISHNA MENON (RIGHT), M. MENDES-FRANCE (LEFT) BEFORE THEIR DISCUSSION.

On July 18 the Geneva Conference approached a critical stage. On July 16 there had been a two-and-a-half-hour meeting at night between Mr. Molotov, Mr. Eden and M. Mendès-France; and on the following day the two latter were to see the American delegate, Mr. Bedell Smith. With the meeting of July 18, only forty-eight hours remained before the expiry of M. Mendès-France's pledge to reach a decision on Indo-China; and this meeting was the first formal meeting of the Ministers for a month. It was a short session and was marked by a relatively hopeful

introductory statement by Mr. Molotov and a statement on the United States position by Mr. Bedell Smith. Mr. Do, the Vietnamese Foreign Minister, made a formal statement saying that his Government must dissociate itself from the proceedings, since the settlement being discussed would constitute partition, which his Government could not accept. This statement was, however, understood to be rather a protest than a walk-out; and, in general, the atmosphere at the Conference was friendly and a solution appeared possible.

BRITISH AND DUTCH ROYAL OCCASIONS, AND THE VISIT OF BRITANNIA TO DARTMOUTH.



ENTERING THE HARBOUR WHICH HAS SUCH CLOSE ASSOCIATIONS WITH HER NAME: H.M. YACHT *BRITANNIA* SAILING INTO DARTMOUTH WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ABOARD.

On July 12 H.M. Yacht *Britannia* entered Dartmouth Harbour and was greeted by thousands of people lining the River Dart. On board was the Duke of Edinburgh, who had come to unveil a plaque commemorating the departure from Dartmouth of the amphibious forces of the United States Navy for Normandy in World War II.



TAKING THE SALUTE AT A MARCH PAST OF CADETS AT THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, DURING HIS TWO-DAY VISIT TO DARTMOUTH.



WATCHING DRESSAGE TESTS: CROWN PRINCESS BEATRIX (LEFT) AND PRINCESS IRENE OF THE NETHERLANDS.

The International Horse Show week at the White City opens traditionally now with the dressage tests which were held at Hanstead House, Bricket Wood, on July 18. Among the many spectators who watched the three events were the Royal visitors from Holland, who saw their father, Prince Bernhard, finish fifth in the Prix St. Georges test.



A COMPETITOR IN THE PRIX ST. GEORGES DRESSAGE TEST: PRINCE BERNHARD OF THE NETHERLANDS.



PRESENTING R. G. BANNISTER WITH A PLAQUE COMMEMORATING HIS FEAT OF BEING THE FIRST MAN TO RUN A MILE IN UNDER FOUR MINUTES: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (RIGHT) AT THE WHITE CITY STADIUM ON JULY 17.



ADMIRING ONE OF THE EXHIBITS: THE QUEEN AT A HOUSING EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

On July 14 the Queen visited an exhibition organised by the Ministry of Housing and Local Government in London, and she saw there what could be done to convert old houses into modern flats. Above, Her Majesty is seen smiling at an "old art pot," complete with a Mexican bread-fruit plant.



THE QUEEN ARRIVING AT LANCASTER HOUSE FOR A DINNER GIVEN BY THE LORDS LIEUTENANT.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended a dinner at Lancaster House, London, on July 15, where their hosts were the Lords Lieutenant. Our picture shows her Majesty being greeted by Lord Scarbrough and Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke. At the dinner she received the Coronation picture illustrated on pages 140-141.



ARRIVING FOR A COMING-OUT BALL: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

Our picture shows the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh being greeted at the Hyde Park Hotel, on July 13, by Sir Henry Abel-Smith, who was giving a coming-out ball for his daughter, Elizabeth. Other Royal guests were the Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Alexandra and Princess Alice.

HER MAJESTY—LEADING ENGLISH OWNER: AUREOLE'S GREAT ASCOT WIN.



STROKING THE NOSE OF *AUREOLE* (*HYPERION-ANGELOLA*) AFTER HE HAD WON THE KING GEORGE VI. AND QUEEN ELIZABETH STAKES, THE MOST VALUABLE ENGLISH RACE: THE QUEEN IN THE UNSADDLING ENCLOSURE WITH (BEHIND HER, L. TO R.) HER TRAINER, CAPTAIN C. BOYD-ROCHFORD, THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET.



THE FINISH IN THE KING GEORGE VI. AND QUEEN ELIZABETH STAKES AT ASCOT ON JULY 17: *AUREOLE*, HER MAJESTY'S COLT, WITH E. SMITH UP, WINNING FROM THE FRENCH COLT *VAMOS* (*VATELLO-START POINT*) OWNED BY MADAME L. VOLTERRA, AND RIDDEN BY R. POINCELET.

On Saturday, July 17, her Majesty saw her colt *Aureole* (*Hyperion-Angelola*), ridden by E. Smith, win the £27,000 King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth Stakes, worth £23,302 10s. to the winner, at Ascot from *Vamos* in such convincing style that he has been acclaimed by leading authorities as "the best horse in Europe this year." He has won over £40,000 in stakes. Through the colt's win in the King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth Stakes, the Queen has become the leading English owner with £35,799 won in stakes this season, the highest total which

has ever been reached in a season by any British monarch's racehorses. Her Majesty's great-grandfather, King Edward VII., won £29,585 in 1900; King George V. won £11,744 in 1914 and £10,082 in 1928; and King George VI. won £16,528 in 1946. Great credit reflects on Captain C. Moore, the Queen's racing manager, and Captain C. Boyd-Rochford for the way *Aureole* has been handled, for his temperament has made him difficult to train. He is to go to the stud next season and will stand at Sandringham in the Royal Stud.

A NOVELIST'S FLYING LIFE.

"SLIDE RULE; THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGINEER"; By NEVIL SHUTE.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MR. NEVIL SHUTE is known to the general public as the author of nearly twenty novels, some of them immensely successful. But his real name is not Nevil Shute and the main profession of his life has not been the writing of fiction. His pen-name consists of his two Christian names; his inherited surname was Norway (his father, who was an eminent Post Office official, is still remembered as the author of travel-cum-guide-books); he adopted the pseudonym, he frankly admits, because he was an engineer—more precisely, an aeronautical engineer—and he thought that his professional colleagues might become suspicious about his concentration on his real job if they knew that he was writing novels "on the side." He knew, and knows, that story-writing was a relaxation to him, which fortified him for his regular work, just as a man whose main occupation is the production or scrutiny of the written or the spoken word may find refreshment in a workshop with a bench and a lathe, or a statesman, like the great Lord Salisbury, may replenish his energy for dealing with foreign affairs by experimenting with another kind of explosive material in a chemical laboratory. But in this country, at any rate, since the Industrial Revolution, a person who has refused to be "not a bus but a tram" has been suspect of frivolity, of not taking his job seriously. He has not been regarded as a man of enviably diverse talents but as a dabbler, a "Jack of all Trades and Master of None." Mr. Shute-Norway is now beyond these voices and has written the story of his career as an engineer under the name which he assumed for his career as a novelist. If he were asked why Norway the engineer hasn't signed "the autobiography of an Engineer," he would probably reply that, with his undoubted business acumen, he had realised that, whatever his subject, he was better known to readers of books as "Nevil Shute."

"The Autobiography of an Engineer" this book undoubtedly is. There are occasional mentions of the writings which he produced when he was working on the giant airship R.100 or the promotion and development of the aeroplane-making firm, "Airspeed Limited": we are told, for example, how an early novel sold very meagrely, and produced him very little money, and then, after he had become a famous writer, sold largely and produced him a great deal of money—another illustration of the proverb, "Nothing succeeds like success." But, in the main, it is an engineer's story which is told here: and told, happily, not by Hyde the engineer, but by Jekyll, the born story-teller. And it is told by a man who, after serving his country well, has elected to spend "the evening of his days" in Australia.

Let me assure the possibly alarmed layman that the book isn't *all* about engineering. There are interesting early pages about his childhood, Shrewsbury and Balliol; about Easter Week, 1916, when he saw a good deal of the fighting, and his father (then in charge of the Irish Posts) was luckily not in the Post Office when the Sinn Feiners occupied it; and about his experiences during the first war when, after

from all units, with few officers, discontented with our lot and impatient to go home. One day when the Orderly Officer came in during dinner and asked, in accordance with the regulations, if there were any complaints, somebody threw half a loaf of bread at him, and then we were all standing up and pelting him with bread; he ran like a rabbit. We then all formed up in a body and marched down to the Town Hall of Folkestone to find the Mayor and complain formally about the quality of the food. We didn't get much change out of the Mayor, but we found the Labour candidate in the forthcoming election, who came out and addressed us and said it was a damned shame, so we all went back to the camp feeling we had struck a blow for freedom. The Army dealt with the incident by declaring that our course of instruction was over, and sending us off to our demobilisation



"SQUADRON LEADER HELMORE REFUELLING THE FIRST *Courier* IN FLIGHT, SIR ALAN COBHAM PILOTING": A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE TANKER AIRCRAFT. (Courtesy of "Flight.")

"The autumn of 1934 was a very strenuous time. In September Sir Alan Cobham and Squadron Leader Helmore set off on their attempt to fly to India non-stop, refuelling three times in the air on the way. The attempt failed, for one of those trivial little defects that occur to plague so complicated a mechanism as an aeroplane."

Illustrations by Courtesy of the Publishers of "Slide Rule," the book reviewed on this page.

centres." Worse things happened elsewhere, as is recorded in one of Sir Winston Churchill's books, I think "The Aftermath." Impatience to be "demobbed" was at the bottom of the trouble; this time that is reputed to have manifested itself in a heavy vote against the Government.

The engineering part begins with the author's working for the de Havilland Company during his Oxford vacations: he flew with most of the firm's pilots. In 1923 he started regular work with them "as a junior stress and performance calculator" (he had taken an engineering degree): that same year he wrote his first novel, which came back from several publishers—"I don't think," is now his opinion, "anyone would have the patience to read the whole thing." Next year he began an experience which fills a large portion, and the most fervently-written, of the book. Vickers were building the airship R.100, and he joined the staff as Chief Calculator: his "job was to get together a staff of calculators to do the work on R.100, translating the theories of the consultants into the forces and stresses in each member of the ship and so providing the draughtsmen with the sizes for each girder and each wire." It was high time that precise calculations were made for these huge and vulnerable imitation Zeppelins in which it is difficult now to believe that anybody could have had faith. "Most of the other ships had been designed and built by a staff of Government officials attached to the Air Ministry, but the methods of the German designers were not known, of course, and these ships had been built empirically and by copying the sizes of the girders in the German ships. The last of them was R.38. On her third flight a structural weakness in the girders was revealed, but was made light of. On her fourth flight she was doing turning trials over the Humber in very perfect weather when she broke in two, the front part catching fire and falling in the river and the rear part coming down on land. Forty-four lives were lost in the accident. At the enquiry into the disaster it came out that the officials responsible had made no calculations whatsoever of the aerodynamic forces acting on the ship in flight; it was not, therefore, very surprising that she broke when doing turns at full helm and full speed."

While Vickers were building R.100, the Government, at Cardington, were building R.101. The private ship made a swift and successful crossing of the Atlantic; the official one, after insufficient trials, crashed near Beauvais in foul weather. The Labour Secretary of State was on board, and amongst those killed: he was Lord Thomson, a charming and friendly



MR. NEVIL SHUTE NORWAY, B.A., F.R.A.C.S., AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. [Photograph by Clayton Evans.]

Mr. Nevil Shute Norway, author of successful novels under the name of Nevil Shute, was a pioneer in the world of flying before he became known as a novelist. Born in 1899, he was educated at Shrewsbury, Woolwich and Oxford, and served in the Army in World War I.; and in the R.N.V.R. in World War II. He was Calculator, the de Havilland Aircraft Co., 1922-24; Chief Calculator, Airship Guarantee Co., on construction of rigid Airship R.100 in 1925. He founded Airspeed Ltd., aeroplane constructors, in 1931. His first novel, "Marazon," was published in 1926; and his books include "A Town Like Alice," "Round the Bend" and "No Highway."

soldier, not overburdened with diffidence, who insisted on getting to India by a certain date (it was rumoured that he was going to be the first Labour Viceroy) because of his political programme ahead. The long and painful story is told here: the rest of the book is mainly concerned with Mr. Shute's aeroplane manufacturing company, Airspeed Limited, which was heroically built up until it was absorbed by de Havillands—a great fight against odds.

It is odd to find, even in the flying world, a *laudator temporis acti* murmuring "those were the days." "Kenneth Grahame," says Mr. Shute, "once wrote that 'there is nothing—absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as messing about in boats.' With that I would agree, yet for a fleeting period in the world's history I think that aeroplanes ran boats very close for sheer enjoyment. For about thirty years there was a period when aeroplanes would fly when you wanted them to, but there were still fresh things to be learned on every flight, a period when experiments were cheap and new designs could fly within six months of the first glimmer in the mind of the designer. That halcyon period started about the year 1910 and it was in full flower after the first world war, when I was a young man; it died with the second war, when aeroplanes had grown too costly and too complicated for individuals to build or even to operate. I count myself lucky that that fleeting period coincided with my youth and my young manhood, and that I had a part in it."

Even the flying of small private machines by amateur owners is, he says, on the wane, because of



THE AIRSHIP IN WHICH MR. NEVIL SHUTE FLEW TO CANADA AND BACK IN 1930: THE R.100—"AS BIG AS AN ATLANTIC LINER." (Courtesy of "Flight.")

In 1925 Mr. Nevil Shute became Chief Calculator, Airship Guarantee Co., on the construction of rigid Airship R.100. She was completed in November 1929, and in the following July he flew in her to Canada, covering the 3300 miles in 78 hours and diving into a terrible storm near Montreal; and made the return trip more peacefully in 57½ hours. It was the last flight R.100 ever made.

passing into Woolwich with a view to the R.F.C., it was announced that no more Woolwich cadets were to be taken into the Corps and, handicapped by a stammer, he ended as an infantry private. "I know of no life," he comments, "so restful as the life of a private soldier." When the war was over, "We had a mutiny at Shorncliffe, but nobody was shot for it. We were an undisciplined mob of men drawn



THE AIRSHIP BUILT BY THE AIR MINISTRY AT CARDINGTON, WHICH CRASHED IN OCTOBER 1930 WITH THE LOSS OF FORTY-EIGHT LIVES: THE R.101 AT THE MOORING MAST. (Courtesy of "Flight.")

The R.101 crashed on her flight to India in October 1930, with Lord Thomson, Secretary for Air, and his valet, and six officials from the Royal Airship Works as passengers. All of the 54 persons on board, except six, lost their lives when she dived, hit the ground and burst into flames, which consumed her in a few moments. This was the end of airship construction in this country.

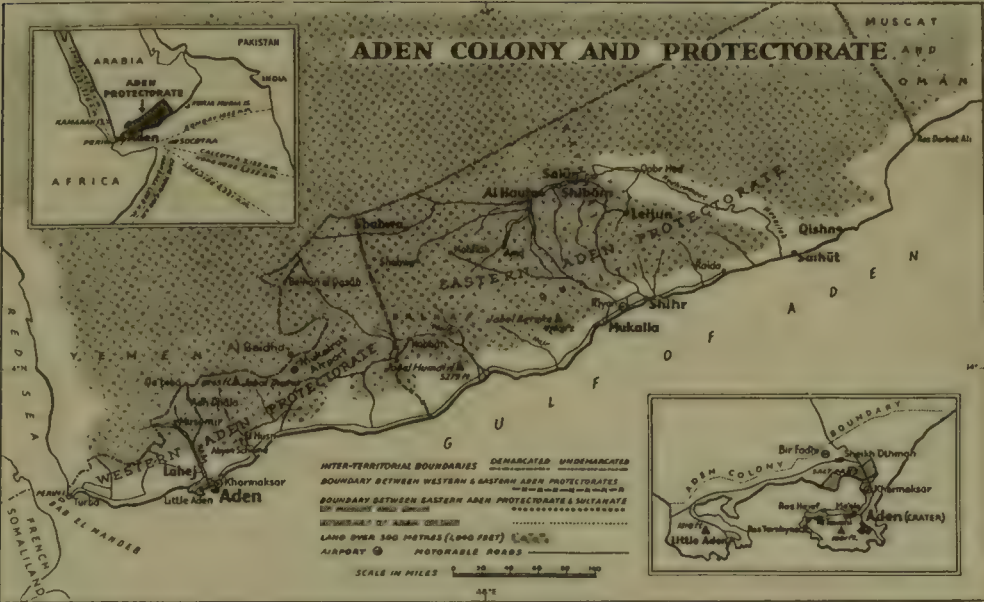
the increasing amount of the air which is banned to them because of the traffic lines of the big commercial aircraft. However, if he feels like starting again, I should think that there is still a good deal of unoccupied sky over Australia.

I must, in fairness, add that this book will not be greatly enjoyed by nationalists or Civil Servants.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 156 of this issue.

* "Slide Rule: The Autobiography of an Engineer." By Nevil Shute. Illustrated. (Heinemann; 18s.)

MUKEIRAS AIRPORT—A FOCUS OF THE ADEN-YEMEN FRONTIER DISPUTE.



A MAP OF ADEN COLONY AND PROTECTORATE, SHOWING MUKEIRAS AIRPORT AND THE YEMEN TOWN OF AL BEIDHA, ON THE YEMEN-WESTERN ADEN PROTECTORATE FRONTIER. YEMENI RAIDERS HAVE BEEN ACTIVE RECENTLY IN MANY VILLAGES ALONG THIS FRONTIER. (Crown Copyright.)



THE OBJECT OF MANY YEMENI ATTACKS: THE AIRFIELD AT MUKEIRAS, IN THE WESTERN ADEN PROTECTORATE, SHOWING A B.O.A.C. DAKOTA UNLOADING A JEEP.



RECEIVING A SALUTE FROM PROTECTORATE GUARDS: AN ADEN PROTECTORATE OFFICER AFTER LANDING AT MUKEIRAS AIRPORT, WHICH WAS RECENTLY RAIDED.



THE COUNTRY SURROUNDING MUKEIRAS, SHOWING THE GOVERNMENT GUEST HOUSE; AND THE USUAL WELL WITH ROPE AND BUCKET FOR IRRIGATION OF THE FIELDS.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GOVERNMENT GUEST HOUSE USED BY EUROPEANS ON LOCAL LEAVE FROM THE HEAT OF ADEN. MUKEIRAS IS 7,000 FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.

During the past few months relations between Aden and the Yemen have been steadily deteriorating and the position has been aggravated recently by persistent attacks by Yemeni regular troops and tribesmen across the Yemen frontier into the Aden Protectorate. In May alone twenty-eight such raids occurred. As recently as July 13 two raids on Mukeiras Airfield, in the Audhali Sultanate, were reported on consecutive days. On July 8 a strongly worded British Note of protest was sent to the Yemen Government which spoke of "the very serious" situation which continued to exist on the Yemen-Aden frontier and pointed out that there was no sign that the situation was improving. The Note further stated that the Yemen

Government was "fomenting rebellion in the Protectorate and giving encouragement, money and arms to lawless elements." It rejected the Yemeni Government's claim to the whole of the Aden Protectorate and called upon that Government to "stop the attacks mounted from Yemen territory." The Note concluded by reiterating a suggestion made that the frontier authorities on both sides should at once consult together to restore tranquillity on the frontier. On July 10, and later on July 15, the Yemen Government replied by alleging that recent flights by the R.A.F. over the Yemeni town of Al Beidha were "open acts of provocation," made at a time when the frontier authorities were about to confer.



WHERE MORE THAN 4,500 SHIPS CALL EACH YEAR: THE PORT OF ADEN, SHOWING SEVERAL LARGE OIL-TANKERS MOORED AT BUNKERING POINTS OFF-SHORE.



WHERE MOST OF THE MERCHANTS OF ADEN LIVE: THE OLD TOWN OF CRATER, WHICH LIES IN AN EXTINCT VOLCANIC CRATER. IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE ISLAND OF SIRA, WITH A FORT ON TOP. (Photograph by Aerofilms Ltd.)



A LARGE PART OF THE BEACH NEAR THE HOUSING AREA IN LITTLE ADEN HAS BEEN FENCED OFF WITH ANTI-SHARK NETS TO PROVIDE SAFE BATHING FOR THE REFINERY STAFF.



ERECTED FOR THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION STAFF: ONE OF THE EIGHTY-FIVE PREFABRICATED FAMILY BUNGALOWS. THE SHED HOUSES THE AIR-CONDITIONING UNIT.

ADEN, A VITAL STRATEGIC CENTRE, WHERE THE WORLD'S LARGEST OIL REFINERY IN CONSTRUCTION IS BEING BUILT.

With the coming into operation of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's new refinery the Port of Aden, already a strategic centre of the Commonwealth and one of the major oil bunkering ports of the world, will assume even greater importance. It is not generally realised that in tonnage of shipping handled in the year the Port of Aden stands third in the Commonwealth (after London and Liverpool), and seventh in the world. For this reason Aden is an important *entrepôt* and transshipment centre.



WATER BEING PUMPED FROM A WELL. BEFORE ANY CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW REFINERY BEGAN, WATER WELLS HAD TO BE DRILLED IN THE DESERT.

The value of goods handled in 1952 was £100,000,000, and the value of goods financed through Aden is even greater. It is the "half-way" bunkering port on the sea route between Europe and East Africa, the Middle and Far East, India and Australasia. So large an undertaking as the building of a new refinery and oil port, the drilling of freshwater wells and the provision of housing for the staff, could not have been carried out without the co-operation of the Aden Government.



THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY'S NEW REFINERY AT LITTLE ADEN—THE LARGEST UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN THE WORLD TO-DAY. AN AERIAL VIEW SHOWING THE BRITISH, AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PERSONNEL CAMP IN THE FOREGROUND, AND THE ROAD LEADING TO ADEN TOWN IN THE BACKGROUND.



ADEN HARBOUR FROM THE AIR, SHOWING OIL TANKS AND THE BUNKERING DEPOT. THE NEW CAUSEWAY (TOP) WILL LINK ADEN TOWN WITH THE NEW REFINERY, AND CARRY PIPELINES SUPPLYING THE BUNKERING DEPOT WITH OVER 2,000,000 TONS OF FUEL OIL A YEAR FOR SHIPS' BUNKERS.

DUE TO COME INTO OPERATION IN AUGUST: THE NEW 5,000,000-TONS-A-YEAR OIL REFINERY AT ADEN.

The new 5,000,000-tons-a-year oil-refining plant which the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company is building at Aden is due to come into operation on August 1, and it was expected that the tanker *British Gratitude* would deliver the first cargo of crude oil for refining on July 17. The decision to build this new, huge refinery was taken in 1951, on the heels of the Persian oil crisis, and construction began on November 1, 1952. It was originally scheduled to be commissioned in December

this year and the fact that work is four months ahead of this schedule represents a saving of about 10,000,000 dollars to the British economy, and a remarkable feat of planning and construction on the part of the contractors—George Wimpey and Co., of Britain, and the U.S. company, the Middle East Bechtel Corporation. The refinery is situated on the peninsula of Little Aden, six miles from Aden town, which—only twenty months ago—was a barren stretch of desert.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

A MORNING AT MONT-LOUIS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

MY sole object in going to Mont-Louis, in the Eastern Pyrenees, was to make the acquaintance of *Gentiana pyrenaica*.

I had been told that this rare, beautiful but difficult species was to be found flourishing in heathy, swampy places around Mont-Louis, so off I dashed in haste—such haste that I did not even stop to find a companion for the expedition. Mont-Louis, I should explain, in case you have never been there, is not a mountain but a small town, once important as a fortress and as the old capital of the French Cardagne. "Situated," as Mr. Baedeker would say, on a plateau at an altitude of a little over 5000 ft. It had a picturesque, rather romantic appearance, with its surrounding battlemented walls, its moat (dry) and drawbridge. I rather think there was a portcullis, too. Certainly there were nice, pale yellow snapdragons growing on the walls. But the little town itself was dull, as only a small garrison town can be dull—to a civilian—and I must confess that apart from the gentian and the snapdragons, I found the district botanically dull.

I very soon found *Gentiana pyrenaica*, growing, as I had been advised, in open, heathy, rather marshy places. Very much the sort of conditions, in fact, that *Gentiana bavarica* haunts in the Alps, and it has the dwarfness of *bavarica*. It is, however, a very different plant. In fact, it is unlike any other European gentian that I have ever met. In habit and flower it is much more like a small edition of some of the Asiatic species. *Gentiana sino-ornata*, perhaps, reduced to a height of a couple of inches or less, and with violet-coloured flowers, almost a reddish-violet, instead of the more usual gentian-blue.

Although I collected plants of *G. pyrenaica*, nursed them home in good order, and got them established, they only remained with me for two or three, perhaps four, years. It is, I would say, a difficult plant to grow, though I can imagine that in certain soils and climates in Scotland it might prove a reasonably good garden plant—for specialists. The trouble with Mont-Louis as a centre from which to collect Alpine plants—apart from the gentian—is that it lies too low. It is at 6000 and 7000 ft. that the really desirable Alpines begin, and it is at about that altitude that I like to stay. It is such a bore having to toil up a couple of thousand feet or so, through fir-woods, before reaching the true, hard-bitten high Alpines. Admittedly the fir-woods are fragrant, and the sub-Alpines that carpet them—the willow gentian, pyrolas, *Viola biflora*, and the rest, are most beautiful. But personally, I find them

a somewhat stuffy and fatiguing prelude to the dazzling dwarf austerities which lie an hour or two above.

From Mont-Louis I made one all-day expedition to a likely-looking hanging valley which I had noticed, well above and some miles from the town. But apart from one happening, it proved a dry and dreary, rock-strewn desolation, utterly devoid of botanical interest. It was still not nearly high enough. At midday I sat down upon a great green vegetable cushion for a sandwich lunch. It was some species of mossy saxifrage, so coarse and dull and stupid

that I almost took a delight in sitting on it. It was then that the happening happened. There came the sound of falling, rolling, rattling stones, dislodged by some creature high up on a steep, rocky slope on my right! Another small, distant rattle of stones gave me the direction, and I saw chamois, eight or nine of them, coming down the mountain-side in my direction. Instantly I froze; even stopped munching my crusty roll and salami. On they came, a truly wonderful and fascinating exhibition of sure-footed mountaineering. It would have been a hideously

I did not relate this experience to a couple of sportsmen—chamois-hunters—who were stopping at the hotel in Mont-Louis during my stay there. Too cruel if they had believed me—which they wouldn't. Every morning they set off early, armed to the teeth, and dressed most dramatically for the part, from their ironclad boots to their Tyrolean hats, and each evening they admitted quite frankly that they had not even seen a chamois all day. As a fisherman, I thought that reticence on the part of these two hunters rather splendid. Not a suspicion of "the one that got away."

Having gone to Mont-Louis to make the acquaintance of a gentian, I brought home some specimens of the species, which remained my guests and my friends for, at any rate, a few years. I brought, too, what has remained a most vivid memory ever since—the picture of those chamois. It must, I think, be a rare thing to get such an intimate close-up of these elusive and timid creatures. I have been reminded of that little raid—many years ago—on Mont-Louis by two plants which I collected on my last morning there, and which, unlike the gentian, have remained with me ever since. I had spent most of the morning attending to and packing plants in my hotel bedroom, and then, with an hour or so to spare before lunch, went for a stroll more as an aperitif than with any serious idea of collecting plants.

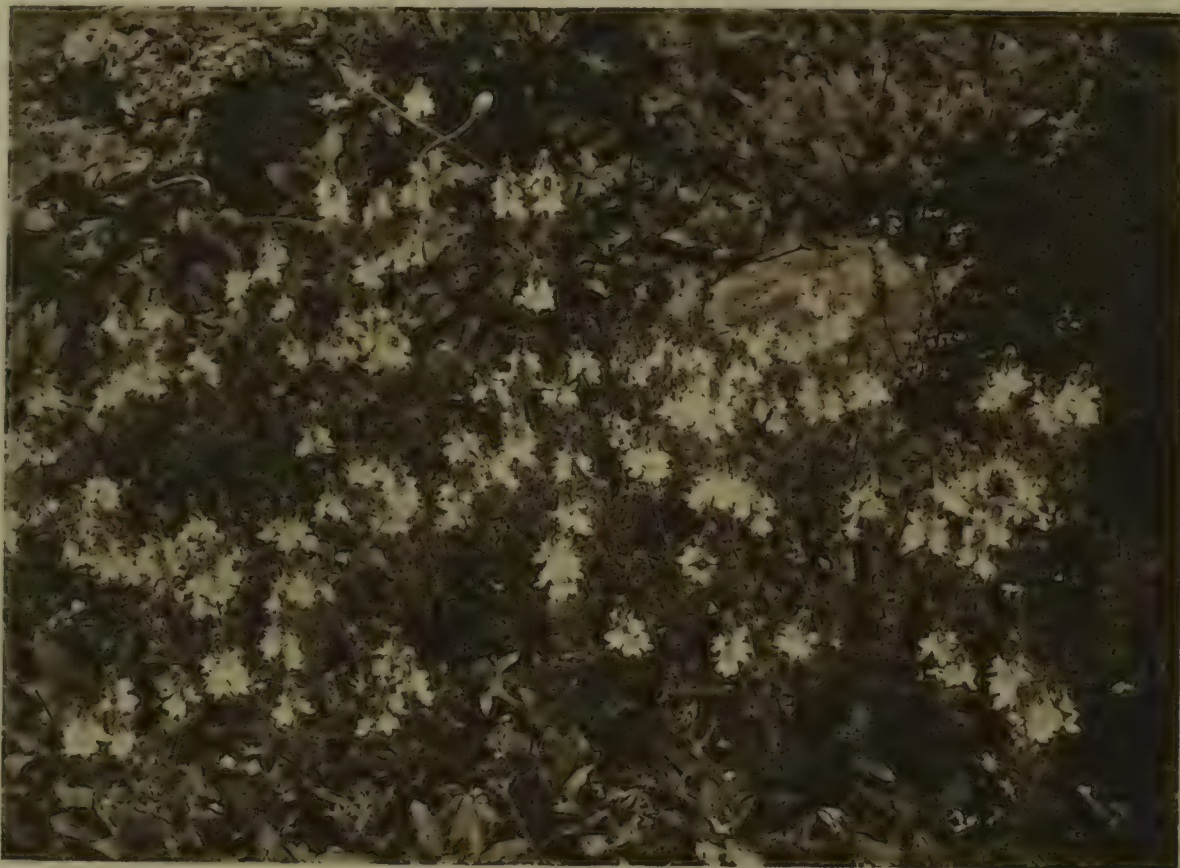
I did, however, take a root of a charming pale lavender-blue form of the meadow cranesbill (*Geranium pratense*), which seemed to be the prevailing colour in the meadows at Mont-Louis. Also on grassy banks and rough, roadside places there was a mat-forming veronica with 4- to 5-in. flower-spikes of a very attractive pale blue. In general habit it was very like *Veronica prostrata*, with aquamarine instead of sapphire flowers. The plants were disfigured by such a thick coating of roadside dust that I could only just recognise any merit in them, and so bring myself to take a root. But I did.

The pale meadow cranesbill is a very lovely thing. It never found its way into my nursery at Stevenage, but remained always in rough orchard grass in my private garden, and to-day it is again growing in rough grass in my Cotswold garden. The veronica did go to the Six Hills Nursery, where provisionally I gave it the name *Veronica skellumii*. That quite unofficial name stuck, and as *V. skellumii* the plant got catalogued and distributed for a number of years, until some botanical expert went into the matter and informed me that its true name was *Veronica bastardii*.

I had christened my plant *V. skellumii* after a favourite heavyweight Sealyham terrier of mine whose name was *Skellum*, *Skellum* being Cape Dutch for "rascal." Who the Bastard was after whom the veronica was named I have no idea. Perhaps a Doctor or Professor Bastard. Who can say? The new R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening is silent on the matter. It mentions neither *V. skellumii* nor *V. bastardii*. That being the case, "Skellum" has it in future as far as I am concerned—until some further savant turns up to tell me that my plant's name is really *Veronica twerpji*.



"IT IS UNLIKE ANY OTHER EUROPEAN GENTIAN THAT I HAVE EVER MET": *Gentiana pyrenaica*. IT RESEMBLES *Gentiana sino-ornata*, PERHAPS, REDUCED TO A HEIGHT OF A COUPLE OF INCHES OR LESS AND WITH VIOLET-COLOURED FLOWERS, ALMOST A REDDISH-VIOLET. . . . [Photograph by D. F. Merrett.]



"VERY LIKE *Veronica prostrata*, WITH AQUAMARINE INSTEAD OF SAPPHIRE FLOWERS": THE PYRENEAN SPEEDWELL WHICH MR. ELLIOTT CHRISTENED *V. skellumii*, "AFTER A FAVOURITE HEAVYWEIGHT SEALYHAM TERRIER OF MINE." [Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.]

steep and difficult descent for any ordinary mortal, much of it an almost perpendicular tumble of loose rocks. Yet those chamois came down as if it were the grand staircase at some Hotel Splendide. At last they came to a halt less than 50 yards from where I sat. There they stood, irresolute, very much on the alert for a minute or two, and then something startled them—possibly a dropped heart-beat from me—and off they went at a tremendous pace, up the floor of the valley at first, and then up one precipitous side and so out of sight.

JULY 24, 1954



REPRESENTING THE 76,000 MEN AND WOMEN OF THE POLICE FORCES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM: THE GREAT PARADE IN HYDE PARK, SOME 10,000 STRONG, WHICH WAS REVIEWED BY THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO CAN BE SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND STANDING IN A LAND-ROVER.



ESCORTED BY MOUNTED POLICE OFFICERS WITH LANCES: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AS THEY PASSED ALONG THE THREE RANKS OF THE PARADE. WITH THEM, ON HORSEBACK, ARE THE COMMISSIONER OF METROPOLITAN POLICE, SIR JOHN NOTT-BOWER (RIGHT), AND THE ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER, SIR PHILIP MARGETSON.

THE FIRST ROYAL REVIEW OF THE POLICE SINCE 1935: THE QUEEN AT THE GREAT PARADE IN HYDE PARK.

The first Royal Review of the Police Forces of the United Kingdom since the Silver Jubilee Parade in 1935 was held in Hyde Park on July 14 when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, escorted by four mounted police officers carrying lances, passed along the three ranks of the parade in an open Land-Rover. Many thousands of spectators watched the great parade, some 10,000 strong, which represented the 76,000 men and women of the 158 separate police forces of England, Wales and Scotland, and including the Royal Ulster Constabulary, and was commanded by the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, Sir John Nott-Bower. The Home Secretary, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, and the Secretary of State for

Scotland, Mr. James Stuart, received the Queen as she entered Hyde Park. After reviewing the forces she stood on a dais and took the salute as column after column marched past, headed by four contingents of the Metropolitan Police. The parade included regular policemen and policewomen, mounted police, special constables, police cadets, police dogs, police cars and motor-cycles. The music was played by the Metropolitan Police Band and the Scottish Police Pipe Band. Later the Queen sent a message to the Home Secretary expressing her congratulations on the high standard of discipline and smartness shown by everyone on parade.

Whatever settlement may now be reached must depend upon vast territorial concessions to the victorious and triumphant Viet Minh. Were these French territories it would matter very much less. Events would simply be following their natural course. The country defeated in an overseas war would have to give up to the victors the ground which it had failed to defend. In this case, however, another people is involved, so that territorial concessions on a scale such as the victors are justified in demanding cannot be made without disaster to it. It seems to me certain that these concessions must involve angry protests and reproaches from Viet-Nam and perhaps a rupture between it and France. Already Vietnamese voices have been heard in criticism of the probable abandonment of Hanoi. They will speak much more loudly if and when the question of a final

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

INDO-CHINA ONCE AGAIN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

settlement is thrashed out, because claims for much more than Hanoi are certain to be raised by the Communists.

Some French voices may be heard to retort that Viet-Nam has to a large extent brought its misfortunes upon its own head, because neither the people in general nor the armed forces have shown sufficient enthusiasm in seconding French efforts. I must own I regard such an argument as beside the point. France was the supreme Power, the mentor, and the initiator. As the late Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny put it to me not long before his death, the sole hope that the French mission could succeed in Indo-China lay in the creation of an ideal which would appeal to the country; above all, to its youth. In other words, the enthusiasm now found lacking could be generated only by France. If it has not been achieved that is primarily a French responsibility. As it is, Viet-Nam has at least given thousands of lives to the cause and now sees itself faced with the prospect of a partition which will at best damage it gravely and might ruin it.

as to whether Soviet Russia might urge her Asian friends to agree to relatively moderate terms in return for what was euphemistically called "a certain reorientation" of French policy in Europe. I consider this was speculation pure and simple. After all, no loss that France can suffer in Asia can be as great as that which she would suffer in Europe by drawing away from her allies, and it is probable that all French opinion except that which is frankly in favour of a policy of neutrality realises this consideration.

The last message, at the time of writing, from Mr. Dulles to M. Mendès-France was couched in friendly terms and suggested that he himself would return to Geneva if the Communists showed any sign of approach to what he would consider an equitable settlement. As I write, he has at least got as far as Paris. One cannot avoid the impression that his action in so obviously giving up the conference as a bad job from the first was a mistake, but only those who realise the sentiments of the United States, and especially those of the Republican Party, towards Asian Communism can measure his difficulties. It would not be too much to say that Mr. Dulles regarded any yielding to it as Sir Winston Churchill regarded Munich. He does not want to go down to history as the United States Secretary of State who sold the pass. If he did take any action which was looked upon in that light by his party his position would be impossible. Only if he could hope to get what he could accept as

an honourable settlement would he take part in the negotiations. I have said I think him mistaken, but his attitude is not to be dismissed as pure obstinacy.

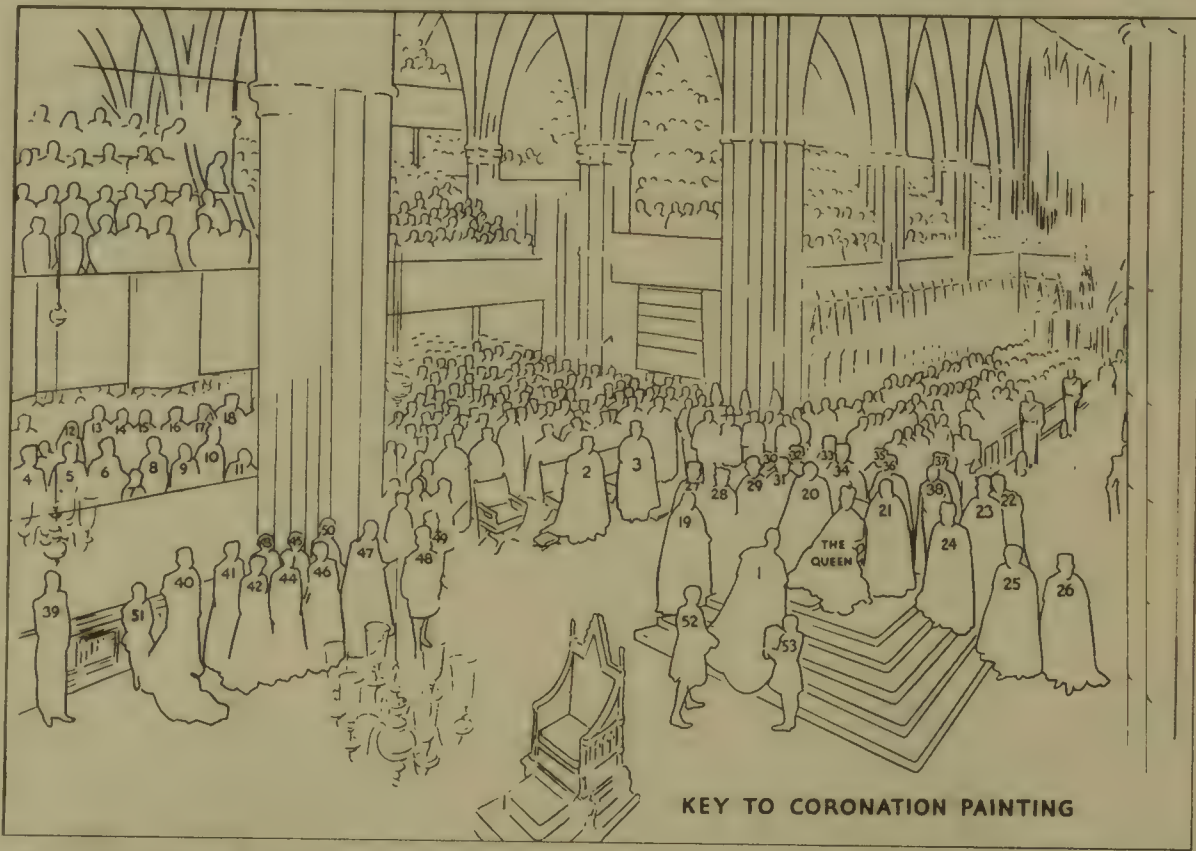
The other feature of the policy of Mr. Dulles has been the creation of a South-East Asia defence pact, somewhat on the lines of NATO. I hope I am correctly interpreting the British attitude when I say that we considered, in the first place, that to set up such a pact before the Geneva Conference had tackled the problem might rob it of any chance of success, and, in the second, that a preliminary attempt should be made to discover the views of other countries in the region, India in particular. Even if the pact envisaged by Mr. Dulles were "somewhat on the lines of NATO," it would differ from this organisation in one important feature. NATO is in the main a defence treaty of the nations of Europe, supported from outside by the United States and Canada. The proposed pact would be mainly one to protect the strategic interests of outside Powers, Britain being an exception and France partly so, through her position in Indo-China, weakened though it had been. The mere inclusion of, let us say, the Philippines and Viet-Nam would not suffice to make it a genuinely Asian pact, certainly not in the eyes of Asia.

On the other hand, some new measures for the protection of South-East Asia have become inevitable. Should a settlement be reached in Indo-China,

it would still be necessary to take steps to see that it was observed. We cannot afford a recurrence of what happened in Korea, when only the proximity of American forces in Japan prevented an act of inexcusable aggression from over-running the whole peninsula, and barely sufficed for the purpose. As I have already indicated, no country is more concerned with this aspect of the case than our own, especially as regards Malaya. I will not speculate about the evolution of the outlook of India except to say that some signs have appeared of growing consciousness of the danger where she herself is concerned. To note her importance and to strive to appreciate her point of view cannot be considered to be reviving the spirit of Munich.

One of the more favourable aspects of the present international situation is due to the removal of some of the misunderstandings which have recently bedevilled Anglo-American relations. The differences have concerned Asia, but they have been serious enough to extend their influence more widely. It would be idle to pretend that they have been completely eliminated, or that there are no more than misunderstandings to be taken into account. There has also been wide divergence of policy. Yet this has been exacerbated by misconception or motives. No need to ask how the blame is to be apportioned. There is nearly always in such cases a share on both sides. Difference of views cannot always be avoided, but misconceptions ought to be. We cannot afford them.

THE KEY TO THE CORONATION PAINTING PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.



TO AID RECOGNITION OF THE LEADING FIGURES IN THE PAINTING REPRODUCED ON PAGES 140-141: A CHART SHOWING 53 OF THE INDIVIDUAL PORTRAITS NUMBERED FOR IDENTIFICATION.

1. H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh; 2. H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester; 3. H.R.H. the Duke of Kent; 4. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent; 5. H.R.H. the Princess Royal; 6. H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother; 7. H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall; 8. H.R.H. the Princess Margaret; 9. H.R.H. Prince William of Gloucester; 10. H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester; 11. H.R.H. Prince Richard of Gloucester; 12. H.R.H. Princess Andrew of Greece; 13. H.R.H. the Margrave of Baden; 14. H.R.H. the Margravine of Baden; 15. H.S.H. the Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg; 16. H.R.H. the Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg; 17. The Countess of Harewood; 18. The Earl of Harewood; 19. The Archbishop of Canterbury; 20. The Bishop of Durham; 21. The Bishop of Bath and Wells; 22. The Duke of Norfolk (Earl Marshal); 23. The Earl of Scarborough (Lord Chamberlain); 24. The Lord Hastings; 25. The Lord Churston; 26. The Earl of Ancaster; 27. The Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry; 28. The Earl of Home; 29. The Duke of Northumberland; 30. Field Marshal the Earl Alexander of Tunis; 31. The Marquess of Salisbury; 32. Admiral of the Fleet the Viscount Cunningham of Hyndhope (Lord High Steward); 33. The Lord Simonds (Lord High Chancellor); 34. Marshal of the Royal Air Force the Viscount Portal of Hungerford; 35. Field Marshal the Viscount Alanbrooke (Lord High Constable of England); 36. The Duke of Richmond; 37. The Marquess of Cholmondeley (Lord Great Chamberlain); 38. The Right Hon. Harry F. C. Crookshank (Lord Privy Seal); 39. Captain Sir Harold Campbell, R.N. (Groom of the Robes); 40. The Duchess Dowager of Devonshire (Mistress of the Robes); 41. Lady Rose-Drummond-Willoughby; 42. Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton; 43. Lady Moyra Hamilton; 44. Lady Jane Heathcote; 45. Lady Anne Coke; 46. Lady Jane Vane-Tempest-Stewart; 47. Sir Rupert De La Bère (Lord Mayor of London); 48. Hon. Sir George Bellie (Garter Principal King of Arms); 49. Sir Gerald W. Wollaston (Norroy and Ulster King of Arms); 50. Lieutenant General Sir Brian Horrocks (Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod); 51. Marquess of Hartington; 52. Mr. N. G. Rees, Midshipman, R.N.; 53. Duncan Davidson, Esq.

On pages 140-141 of this issue we reproduce Mr. Terence Cuneo's painting of the Coronation ceremony, Westminster Abbey, June 2, 1953, which has been presented to her Majesty by her Lieutenants of Counties. This key will enable our readers to recognise 53 of the individual portraits of the chief figures at the great ceremony.

Much more than Hanoi and the Delta is involved. In France there has been some talk of the 18th Parallel as a line of demarcation ; in Communist circles some talk of the 13th—parallels having become fashionable since Korea, though notoriously unsuitable. These are naturally extreme bids on the part of the opposing sides, which need not necessarily be taken to represent what either actually hopes to obtain. Yet in looking at them we have to go back to the fact already mentioned, that Communist-bidding is from greater strength than French. A glance at the map will show that even the 18th Parallel is a long way south of Hanoi and that the 13th, roughly 350 miles further south, would give to Viet Minh virtually all but the tail of the peninsula. That may be outside the bounds of possibility, but so may the 18th. Any form of compromise would result in the loss of vast territories. We need feel no surprise that Viet-Nam should be shocked and angered by the prospect.

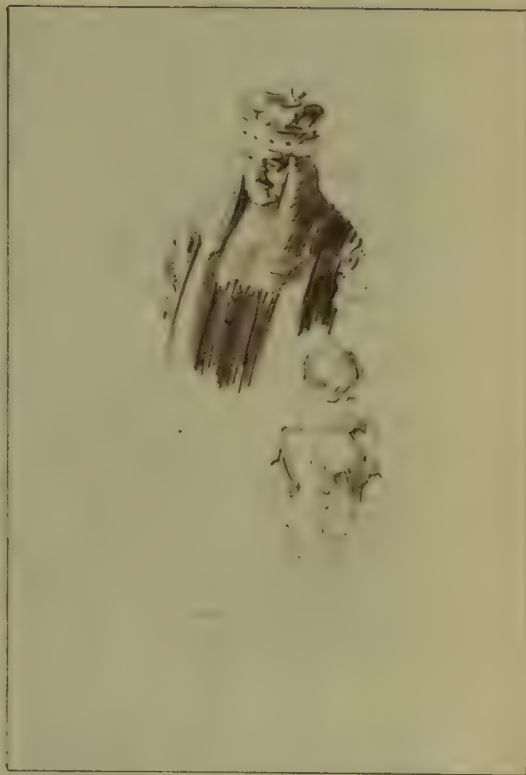
Meanwhile the French President of the Council, before returning to Geneva, did well to state that France would refuse to be separated from her allies. He was ostensibly addressing the Communist world, but he doubtless meant what he said to be heard by political opponents at home other than the French Communists, since he had been accused in some quarters of putting the alliances in peril. Yet at the time when he spoke there was some speculation in France



THE EARL MARSHAL, HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WEARING ST. EDWARD'S CROWN, THE CROWN OF ENGLAND.



THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, LORD SIMONDS; AND (BELOW, RIGHT) THE MARQUESS OF HARTINGTON.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.



THE HON. SIR GEORGE BELLEW, GARTER-PRINCIPAL KING OF ARMS.



LADY JANE VANE-TEMPEST-STEWART AND (INSET) LADY ANNE COKE, TWO OF THE MAIDS OF HONOUR.



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF KENT.



THE HEIR APPARENT, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CORNWALL, THE QUEEN'S SON.



DUNCAN DAVIDSON, THE PAGE WHO RECEIVED AND HELD THE CORONETS OF PEERS DOING HOMAGE.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE : FOR PORTRAITS IN THE CORONATION CEREMONY PICTURE PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.

The Coronation Picture by Terence Cuneo presented to the Queen, which we reproduce on pages 140-141, contains over 53 individual portraits. We here reproduce some sketches made for them by the artist. Lady Anne Coke, eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester, and Lady Jane Vane-Tempest-Stewart, elder daughter of the Marquess of Londonderry, were Maids of Honour.

Duncan Davidson, then aged eleven, was the page who received and held the coronets of the peers who did homage to the Queen on her throne. He is the son of Lady Rachel Davidson and the late Lieut.-Colonel C. K. Davidson; and a nephew of the Earl Marshal. The Marquess of Hartington was page to his grandmother, Dowager Duchess of Devonshire and Mistress of the Robes.



PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY BY HER LIEUTENANTS OF COUNTIES ON A UNIQUE OCCASION: TERENCE CUNEO'S PAINTING OF THE CORONATION CEREMONY, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, JUNE 2, 1953.

The painting of the Coronation Ceremony by Terence Cuneo, whose work is well known to readers of *The Illustrated London News*, was presented to her Majesty by her Lieutenants of Counties on a unique occasion, the dinner at Lancaster House, on July 15, when the Queen and the Duke were entertained by the Lords Lieutenants

of England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland—a company of hosts some ninety strong. By gracious permission of her Majesty, the painting, which shows the Duke of Edinburgh paying homage to the newly-crowned Queen Elizabeth, his Royal consort, is being shown at Mr. Terence Cuneo's exhibition at the R.W.S.

Galleries, Conduit Street, until July 30. The artist was present at the Coronation Ceremony and also attended rehearsals. Everyone in the group round the Queen honoured him by coming for personal sittings with their robes, vestments or uniforms. The painting (10 ft. by 7 ft.) has taken a year to complete. A key to fifty-three of

the individual portraits it contains is given on page 138. *The Times* has arranged to reproduce this fine picture in full colour. Details as to price, size and where to apply for copies of these reproductions in a form suitable for framing will be found on page 157 of this issue.

THE CATLIN EXHIBITION: "REDSKIN" LIFE BY A PIONEER AMERICAN ARTIST.



"BUFFALO HUNT UNDER THE WOLF-SKIN MASK": A PAINTING OF SIOUX BY GEORGE CATLIN, AMERICAN PIONEER ARTIST; INCLUDED IN THE EXHIBITION OF HIS WORK AT THE WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY.



"FEATS OF HORSEMANSHIP": COMANCHE HUNTERS OF THE SOUTHERN PLAINS THROWING THEMSELVES ON THE SIDES OF THEIR HORSES WHILE AT FULL SPEED, TO EVADE THEIR ENEMIES' ARROWS. PAINTED BY GEORGE CATLIN IN 1834.



"MAH-TO-TOH-PA, THE FOUR BEARS," SECOND CHIEF, BUT THE POPULAR MAN OF THE MANDAN TRIBE, UPPER MISSOURI RIVER. HIS HEAD-DRESS OF WAR EAGLES' QUILLS AND ERMINE IS SURMOUNTED BY BUFFALO HORNS.



"RIS-CO-SAN-CHEES, THE LITTLE SPANIARD": A COMANCHE BRAVE OF THE HIGHEST ORDER ARMED AS A WARRIOR. HE WAS THE FIRST OF HIS TRIBE TO MAKE CONTACT WITH THE PARTY OF U.S. DRAGOONS WHOM CATLIN ACCOMPANIED.



"EE-AH-SA-PA, THE BLACK ROCK," CHIEF OF THE NEE-CAW-WEE-GEE BAND OF SIOUX HUNTERS OF THE UPPER MISSOURI AND UPPER MISSISSIPPI RIVERS; WITH THE BATTLES OF HIS LIFE EMBLAZONED ON HIS ROBE.



"MAH-TO-HE-HA, THE OLD BEAR": A DISTINGUISHED MANDAN BRAVE AS A MEDICINE MAN OR DOCTOR, HIS MEDICINE PIPES IN HIS HANDS, AND FOXES' TAILS ON HIS HEELS.

AN exhibition of "Portraits and Scenes from Life Among the Mandan, Sioux, Osage and Comanche Indians West of the Mississippi River from 1829-37," by George Catlin, opened last week at the Whitechapel Art Gallery and will continue until August 8. Catlin visited with difficulty and some hazard to life, fifty Indian tribes living in the U.S., British and Mexican territories, carrying his canvas and colours from tribe to tribe. His paintings are now the property of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D.C., and through the Information Section of the American Embassy in London the current exhibition has been arranged. The works on view contrast the life of the nomadic hunting tribes, such as the Sioux, living in portable *tipis* or skin-covered lodges with that of the more settled existence of the agricultural tribes such as the Mandan. The Mandan, renowned for their highly-developed religious ceremonies, lived in stockaded villages. When Catlin went up the Missouri in 1832, he was, it is believed, the first white artist to paint these tribes. Two years later he accompanied an expedition of U.S. Dragoons to the country of the Osage, an agricultural people, and the Comanche hunters.



"A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE MANDAN VILLAGE, 1800 MILES ABOVE ST. LOUIS": VILLAGERS RECLINE ON THE EARTH ROOFS OF THE LODGES. THE WOODEN COLUMNAR STRUCTURE IN THE CENTRE IS THE SACRED "BIG CANOE." THE RAGS ON POLES OVER THE MEDICINE (OR MYSTERY) LODGE ARE OFFERINGS TO THE GREAT SPIRIT.

ENGLISH PORTRAITURE: FINE EXAMPLES FROM A CURRENT EXHIBITION.



"THE HON. ELIZABETH BOOTH"; BY FRANCIS COTES, R.A. (1726-1770), WHO WAS A SCHOLAR OF GEORGE KNAPTON; AND ONE OF THE FIRST MEMBERS OF THE R.A. (49½ by 39½ ins.)



"MRS. WAY"; BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (1723-1792). (50 by 40 ins.)



"LADY IN WHITE DRESS WITH RED SASH, SEATED IN A LANDSCAPE"; BY JOHN HOPPNER, R.A. (1758-1810). (45 by 35 ins.)



"SIR ROBERT BURDETT," FOURTH BARONET; BY FRANCIS COTES, R.A. (1726-1770), SIGNED AND DATED 1767. (49½ by 39½ ins.)



"PRINCESS AMELIA" (1783-1810); BY SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY, R.A. (1753-1839). (36 by 28 ins.)



"COLONEL DAVID MARKHAM"; BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A. (1769-1830). EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1796. (50 by 40 ins.)



"THE RT. HON. THOMAS FRANCIS KENNEDY OF DUNURE" (1788-1879); BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A. (1756-1823). THE SITTER WAS A LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY IN SCOTLAND. (36 by 28 ins.)



"ELIZABETH BURDETT"; BY FRANCIS COTES, R.A. (1726-1770), WHO IS SPECIALLY WELL KNOWN FOR HIS CRAYON PORTRAITS. FROM THE COLLECTION OF SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, SEVENTH BART. (29½ by 24½ ins.)



"MISS OTWAY"; BY GEORGE ROMNEY (1734-1802). THE SITTER MARRIED, IN 1789, MALTON LAMBARDE, OF SEVENOAKS. FROM THE COLLECTION OF MAJOR W. G. LAMBARDE. (29½ by 24½ ins.)

Portraiture is a branch of the fine arts in which the British School has always excelled; and an interesting collection of English portraits has been assembled by Messrs. Leggatt Brothers for their annual summer exhibition entitled "English Portraits and Landscapes," at their Galleries in St. James's Street. The private view was fixed to take place on July 16, and the exhibition is to remain open to the public until August 14. The catalogues are being sold in aid of the Fine Arts Provident Institution. John Hoppner, who is represented by an attractive portrait of a "Lady in a White Dress with a Red Sash," painted numerous Royal portraits, and in 1789 was appointed

portrait painter to the Prince of Wales; and was also employed by the Dukes of York and of Clarence. He exhibited nowhere except in the Royal Academy, and, as he followed the custom in vogue until 1797, that only sitters of the Blood Royal should have their portraits designated by their names, his early paintings are simply titled "Lady in a White Dress," "Gentleman in a Scarlet Coat," and so forth, which renders identification difficult. Colonel David Markham, who sat to Sir Thomas Lawrence, was the fourth son of William Markham, Archbishop of York. He commanded the twentieth Regiment at San Domingo in 1795; and was killed in 1796.

THE EVERYDAY HOME LIFE OF JERICHO 3650 YEARS AGO—VIVIDLY AND ACCURATELY RECONSTRUCTED FROM MARVELLOUSLY PRESERVED REMAINS.

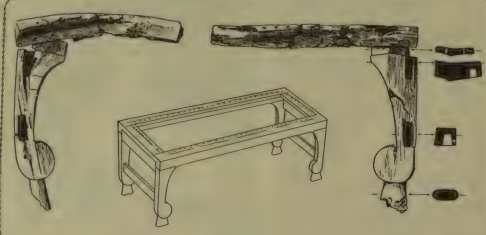


FIG. 1. DETAILED DRAWINGS OF A JERICHO STOOL OF 3650 YEARS AGO—FRAGMENTS AND RECONSTRUCTION—TO SHOW THE PRINCIPLES OF JOINERY USED.

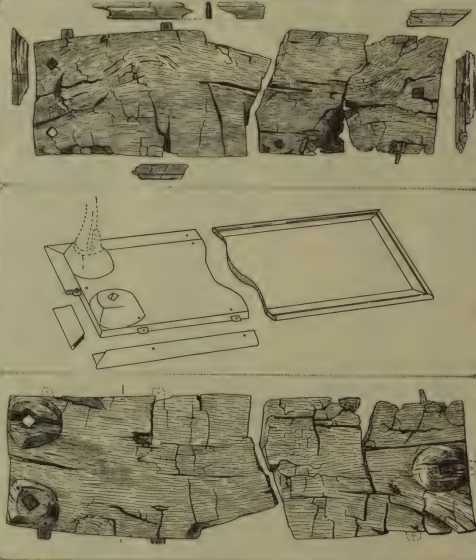
In "The Illustrated London News" of Oct. 3 and Oct. 17, 1953, we published two articles by Dr. KATHLEEN M. KENYON, D.Litt., F.S.A., the second illustrated in colour, on the discoveries she made at Jericho while directing the excavations there of the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem and the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem. The tombs, dating to about 1700 B.C., were remarkable for the preservation of materials, such as wood and textiles, which ordinarily have

(Continued on left).

completely perished. Recent investigations by Professor F. E. Zeuner have suggested that the reason that decay did not proceed further is that accumulations of carbon dioxide and other gases killed the organisms of decay; and that the gases accumulated in the tombs there, and not elsewhere, is owing to its situation over a band of crushed rock at the edge of the Jordan Rift, which has allowed the penetration upwards of subterranean gases. Dr. KENYON writes:

THE great interest of these finds is that they enable us to reconstruct far more fully than ever before the everyday life of the people of Palestine. The tombs were equipped with the furniture, personal possessions and food which the dead persons would require in the after-life. This no doubt exactly represents what they required and used during life. The expedition draughtsman, Mr. Michael Ricketts, has therefore drawn a reconstruction of a room of the period based on the evidence found in the tombs (Fig. 6). The objects preserved were so amazingly complete that the scientific accuracy of all the

(Continued below, right).



FIGS. 2 TO 4 (FROM TOP TO BOTTOM). THE UPPER SURFACE OF A THREE-LEGGED TABLE: RECONSTRUCTION OF THE UNDER-SURFACE; AND THE UNDER-SURFACE. DETAILED DRAWINGS SHOWING HOW THE LEGS AND BORDER WERE ATTACHED.



FIG. 6. THE DAILY LIFE OF A JERICHO FAMILY OF 3650 YEARS AGO: A RECONSTRUCTION BY MR. MICHAEL RICKETTS, INCORPORATING PRESERVED OBJECTS RECENTLY FOUND IN THE JERICHO TOMBS.

3650 YEARS AGO: A RECONSTRUCTION BY MR. MICHAEL RICKETTS, INCORPORATING PRESERVED OBJECTS RECENTLY FOUND IN THE JERICHO TOMBS.



FIG. 5. ONE OF THE JERICHO TOMBS, SHOWING THE TABLE OF FIGS. 2 TO 4 IN SITU; AND THE BED, PLATTER, BASKET AND VESSELS ALSO SHOWN IN FIG. 6.

carpenter's details, the carpentry of the furniture, the stringing of the bed and stools, the skull-cap of the boy on the right, the weave of the rush-mat lying on the bed can all be vouched for with complete assurance. On the table is a great wooden platter, holding pomegranates and grapes. Near by is a wooden box carved in the form of a pomegranate. A wooden trinket-box with bone inlay represents a number of such boxes found. On the stool to the left is a basket, such as was found in several tombs (Fig. 8) containing toilet requisites. The great storage jars are of the type found in all the tombs (each provided with a dipper flask, held in position in the mouth of the jar by a stick) in which liquid refreshment was contained; the skin left by the evaporating liquid was still intact in many instances. The nearer

(Continued opposite).

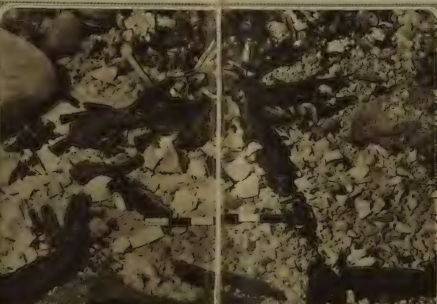


FIG. 7 (RIGHT). THE STOOL OF FIG. 1 AS IT WAS FOUND. IT HAD BEEN DISMANTLED DURING INSERTION AND THE UNDERTAKER HAD NOT BOTHERED TO RE-ASSEMBLE IT.

jar shows a patch of plaster of Paris, such as was found on one jar. Many drinking-cups were found, and the dish the girl holds is the type in which joints of meat were placed for the dead persons (Fig. 5). Each tomb was provided with a wooden table (Figs. 2 to 5). The tables varied in size, but all were alike in having two legs at one end and one at the other, a feature probably to assist them to stand firmly on an uneven floor, on the principle of the three-legged milking-stool. The stools (Figs. 1 and 7) and bed were, however, exceptional. The two stools were found in one tomb in which the principal body lay on a low dais of mud-brick and which was obviously that of a person of importance. In another richly-equipped tomb the principal body lay on the bed (Fig. 5). It may be presumed, therefore, that only the richer households were equipped with beds and stools, and that ordinary people sat and slept on the floor.



FIG. 8. A COSMETIC BASKET SET ON TOP OF AN EARLIER BURIAL: IT CONTAINS AN ALABASTER PERFUME JUG, THREE WOODEN COMBS AND—APPARENTLY—THE REMAINS OF A WIG.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



WE in this country are used to the emu, on the labels of Australian wines and on postage stamps. The bird itself we seldom see, even in zoos, and but for the stuffed specimens in museums it might almost be legendary. The gift of Australian animals made to the London Zoo, to commemorate the Royal tour, included two emus, and the sight of them prompted me to try to find out more about them. The small amount of information that could be gleaned from standard works was somewhat vague, non-committal and, on occasion, contradictory, so it meant a search through the scientific journals. There I found that during the last thirty years there has been, on the average, one account, some very brief, each year on some feature or other of the emu. These are mainly in Australian journals, very naturally, and put together they give an interesting if still incomplete picture of an outstanding bird.

Perhaps the oddest thing about the emu is that, in spite of its size and the world-wide publicity it has received, its habits are comparatively little known. As to its size, it was something of a surprise to learn that its height may be up to 7 ft. 2 ins. and its weight up to 90 lb., and presumably these are maxima. It could be that, like the big game of Africa, maximum-sized individuals have long since been liquidated so that the smaller specimens seen in museums and zoos are nearer the typical sizes. While that may be in question, it is certainly true that the emu as a whole is much less numerous than formerly, and is seldom seen in settled areas, but outback parties of four to twelve are sometimes met. The reduction in numbers results from several causes. At one time Kangaroo, Flinders and King Islands, as well as Tasmania, each had its own species of emu, but these are extinct. Some were killed off by the early sealers and so quickly that little remains of them now, even in museums. The Flinders Island emu, for example, is known only from two stuffed specimens and one skeleton in European museums. The King Island emu is fairly well known from sub-fossil remains. The Tasmanian emu seems to have survived until about 1840.

Twelve species of fossil emu have been described, but specialists now believe their remains represent four species at most. One of these, from the Pliocene of Queensland, is known from two odd bones, a tibia and a coracoid, found in 1888 and a fragment of pelvis, found in 1905. This alone indicates how incompletely the former history of the race is known.

After the sealers came the settlers, and we are told that it was a favourite sport then to hunt the birds with dogs—a dangerous pastime for the dogs, who soon learned to run abreast with the bird and leap at the neck to avoid the forward thrust of that powerful clawed foot. There was the utilitarian side to this hunting, however, for a single emu would yield 4 gallons of oil, for use as an illuminant or for embrocation, and its flesh is said to taste like beef. The large eggs were attractive also, when they could be found. Each nest has eight to ten of these, or as many as seventeen, having an average size of 5.56 by 3.63 ins. The speed of the emu must have been a fair protection, however. But speed in the adult was no protection against the black-breasted buzzard, which is said to have dropped stones on the eggs from a considerable height. Although the normal speed is only 25 miles per hour, the emu can do 28 m.p.h. at times, and up to 40 m.p.h. in short bursts. The real menace came, however, with the opening-up of the bush, when the emu clashed with human interests. A. H. Chisholm tells of the Queensland Prickly Pear Board paying, in two years, 2s. 6d. per head for 131,768 emu killed and a shilling each for 109,341 eggs destroyed.

It used to be assumed, apparently, that the hen was larger than the cock, but David Fleay, writing

THE MAJESTIC EMU.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

in 1936, pointed out that the cock is slightly larger and thicker-set. The irides of his eyes are a rich brown, those of the hen being almost yellowish, and the skin of his neck and head is brighter in colour.



THE EMU, THE FAMOUS FLIGHTLESS BIRD OF AUSTRALIA—AND ONE OF THE SUPPORTERS OF THE COMMONWEALTH'S ARMS—HAS BEEN REFERRED TO AS "MAJESTIC"—AN APT DESCRIPTION OF THE BIRD IN ITS USUAL POSTURE.

Photograph by Courtesy of the Australian News and Information Bureau.



EMU NESTS ARE RARELY SEEN, ONE REASON BEING THE INCONSPICUOUS APPEARANCE OF THE PARENT WHEN CROUCHED. THE EMU SHOWN HERE IN THE LONDON ZOO, AND ONE OF THE GIFTS OF ANIMALS FROM AUSTRALIA TO COMMEMORATE THE ROYAL TOUR, OBLINGINGLY DEMONSTRATES THIS WITH ITS PARTIALLY-CROUCHING POSITION.

Photograph by Neave Parker.

Such differences are of little account unless the two birds are seen side by side and at fairly close range. Fleay found the best distinction lay in the voice. The hen uses booming or drumming notes and the cock muttering or guttural notes.

The confusion in identifying the sexes obscured for some time the real nature of the emu's breeding habits. It seems that the birds gather in a flock and although details are lacking, it is suggested that at these gatherings the females choose their mates. It is not clear whether such gatherings correspond to

the leks of ruffs and some of the game-birds, where the males meet to dance and display while awaiting the females, or whether they are akin to the ceremonial gatherings of jays and magpies, in which both sexes take part equally, so far as can be seen. One thing is clear, however—that the hen does the courting. Later, mating having taken place, the hen lays her eggs. There is a difference of opinion on the length of time occupied in the incubation, some giving eight weeks and others three months. According to one writer, there is a period of three months from the laying of the first egg to the hatching of the last, but that the egg-laying is extended over a period of five weeks. Thus the actual incubation of each egg takes eight to nine weeks. When the first egg is laid, the hen covers it with vegetation and leaves it. This protects it from the direct rays of the sun and also conceals it. As each egg is laid, the same protective measure is used. Then the male takes over to brood the clutch, which he does before the last egg is laid.

Once egg-laying is finished, the cock takes over entirely. In captivity, should the hen wander near the nest, she is promptly chased away. In the wild she probably keeps away, having more room to wander. The cock sits close, with body depressed over the eggs and head lowered, or with the neck drawn back into the back feathers. The brooding emu is not readily seen, therefore, which, with the covering-up of the eggs every time he leaves the nest, accounts for so few nests having been observed. So he sits tight, taking little or no food, occasionally stepping off the nest to drink or rising to turn the eggs. Only if approached closely will he move off and then he indulges in injury-feigning. Barton has described how he found a brooding emu and what took place. "Upon cracking some sticks, the long neck lifted gently, one glance toward me, and the emu rose, and moved off. . . . It had the gait of a drunken man, and several times staggered against a tree."

The young, which are striped dark on a light ground, have the same kind of call when in distress or lost, and it is answered by the parent in a similar way to that with which we are more familiar in ground-nesting birds or, better still, the domestic hen. One

observer has described how, if disturbed with its chicks when they have left the nest, the cock makes off, preceded by the chicks, with head lowered. The cock also has his head lowered but his eye is on the intruder. This observer claims that the low notes from the parent caused the chicks to turn left or right or go straight ahead, the parent guiding them with vocal signals as a drill-sergeant directs a platoon. But the parent emu can fight as well as retreat, the threat display consisting, in the female, of a booming note, with the neck straight and ruffled and the wings slightly extended, ending, if necessary, with a raking forward-kick accompanied by a hiss. The display of the male appears to be similar, except that guttural notes replace the booming.

Emus and ostriches live far apart, yet there is a similarity in one belief attached to them: that one sterile egg is laid for the young chicks to feed upon; but the emu legend goes one better, for there is an alternative to it—that the egg is sometimes allowed to become infested with fly larvae to feed the chicks.

Like ostriches, emus have the reputation for swallowing strange things. Pebbles they take, but this corresponds to a domestic hen taking grit. One writer quotes, however, the case of an emu that ate the contents of a tin of green paint—and then swallowed the tin. And emus can swim; they have been seen swimming in the sea and crossing rivers. Ostriches, too, can swim. In the latest number of *African Wild Life*, the journal of the Wild Life Protection Society of South Africa, kindly sent me by a South African reader, is a photograph of a young ostrich swimming.

"EH WURRPAN MUKKA!": THE EMU-PREY AND PETS OF THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINE.



ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING FEATURES OF THE EMU IS CURIOSITY; AND THIS GROUP OF WILD EMUS IS FASCINATED BY THE APPROACH OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER. THE RAISING OF THE NECKS AND RUFFLING OF THE FEATHERS ARE TYPICAL AGGRESSIVE DISPLAYS.



THE MALE EMU, WITH THREE STRIPED CHICKS, GATHERING FOOD ON THE COASTAL PLAIN IN ARNHAM LAND. THE COCK INCUBATES THE EGGS AND CARES FOR THE BROOD. EMU CHICKS FREQUENTLY SOMERSAULT IN THEIR PLAY.



IN GENERAL, THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES DO NOT KEEP PETS OTHER THAN DINGOES; BUT THEY WILL SOMETIMES REAR EMU OR CASSOWARY CHICKS. THE BEARDED MAN SHOWN IS WONGO, AN ALMOST LEGENDARY HERO OF CALEDON BAY.

On the opposite page Dr. Maurice Burton writes at length on the emu, its life and its chances of survival *vis-a-vis* its principal enemy—man. We reproduce here some remarkable photographs taken by Dr. Donald Thomson in Arnhem Land, on the north-west coast of Australia. Dr. Thomson writes: "The emu is well adapted to survival in Australia in the face of all agencies but civilised man. It inhabits the open bush and grassy plains, where it can see its enemies a long way off and seek safety by running. . . . In Arnhem Land, the emu, called 'wurrpan,' ranks in a special category with a number of birds . . . as well as a few mammals which are wary and difficult to approach and are greatly prized.

Photographs by Dr. Donald F. Thomson, O.B.E., Ph.D., D.Sc. Copyright in Great Britain and U.S.A.



"EH WURRPAN MUKKA!" ("AH, AN EMU!")—THE GLAD CRY OF AN ABORIGINE AS HE SIGHTS HIS PREY. THIS BIRD WAS MAROONED ON A SMALL ISLAND IN THE CROCODILE GROUP, OFF THE COAST OF ARNHAM LAND.



TWO ABORIGINE WOMEN WITH A CLUTCH OF EIGHT EMU EGGS—DARK GREEN AND HEAVILY GRANULATED. SEVERE TABUS SURROUND AND RESTRICT THE EATING OF EMU EGGS. NO WARRIOR MAY EAT THEM, LEST A RITUAL PUNISHMENT RESULT.

Success in hunting such elusive quarry entails not only intimate knowledge of the habits of the quarry and skill with the spear, but, no less important, the observance of many onerous tabus and the practice of much arduous discipline and ritual. A combination of all these things brings success to the hunter, whose special prowess is acknowledged by the coveted title of 'tjambait.' . . . The technique of hunting varies with seasonal and geographical conditions. The birds are either stalked in the open . . . or speared by a hunter concealed among the dense, leafy branches of a wild fig, or *wundun* tree, which the birds are known to frequent regularly for the ripe fruit on the ground below."



AS I am by now not wholly unacquainted with the wickedness of the world, when the postman brought to my door the photographs of the glass illustrated here I regarded them with suspicion. They were sent to me by a stranger and they seemed too good to be true, for at first sight it appeared unlikely that anyone in the eighteenth century would have thought of having a wine-glass engraved with what is apparently an airship and passengers rather than a balloon. On the other hand, there was nothing obviously wrong with either the glass or the engraving, so I did the obvious thing—consulted the oracles, as recommended by the ancients. The god at Delphi or at Delos used to be fond of ambiguous replies which left the enquirer more puzzled than when he entered the sacred precincts; the demi-gods at South Kensington, more genial and less awe-inspiring, can be persuaded to more explicit utterance, and I have to thank them for a great part of what follows. In one particular the owner has got ahead of them—he has tracked down the "airship" to a reproduction in the *European Magazine* of February 1789, which may (or may not) enable us to give an exact date when the glass was engraved. This 1789 reproduction is itself taken from the illustration which first appeared in the book published in 1670 by the Jesuit, Francesco de



ENGRAVED BY DIAMOND-POINT: ONE OF THE FIVE EXISTING GLASSES KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN MADE BY VERZELINI.

Giacomo Verzelini (b. 1522) was the manager of the Venetian workers brought to London by Carré to assist in the manufacture of *cristallo* at the Crutched Friars; and he succeeded Carré on the latter's death in 1572. Five authentic Verzelini glasses exist, all engraved by diamond-point, which was applied by Anthony de Lysle, later known as Lisley. Our illustration of a Verzelini glass is reproduced by courtesy of the publishers of "Chats on Old Glass," by R. A. Robertson, which Frank Davis reviews on this page.

Lana. The full title of this famous book is as follows: "*Prodromo Overo Saggio di Alcune Inventioni Nuove Premesso All' Arte Mæstra.*" It was published at Brescia as a sort of prologue to a much larger treatise, which eventually saw the light between 1684-92, under the title, "*Magisterium Naturæ et Artis.*"

However foolish de Lana may seem to us to-day, he must be given full credit for two things. First, the idea of lifting the craft by means of four copper vacuum spheres. Though impracticable, for atmospheric pressure would have collapsed such thin globes, it was a great advance upon previous theories. Secondly, he was endowed with a vivid imagination and gave a brilliant account of an air-raid carried out by his craft. (For that I must refer you to "The History of Flying," by C. H. Gibbs-Smith; page 51.) The eighteenth-century engraver has added a passenger or two and a man at one end, who is making himself useful with a spade-like paddle or rudder. The glass cannot have been engraved before 1783, for it was in that year that the first aerial voyage in history was undertaken—on November 21—by Pilâtre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes. The flight lasted twenty-five minutes and the distance covered was five-and-a-half miles—and thus, some will say,

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

"SUCCESS TO AEROSTATION."

By FRANK DAVIS.

began all our troubles. This was a hot-air balloon. The second aerial voyage was undertaken on December 1 of the same year by Professor Charles in a hydrogen and very nearly modern balloon.

The inscription on the glass is "Success to Aero-station," and this word came into use in English only after these first balloon ascents, and there would scarcely be much popular excitement in these islands until the first voyage in England, which occurred in September 1784, when the handsome secretary to the Neapolitan Embassy in London, Vincent Lunardi, sailed from Moorfields to Standon, near Ware, in two-and-a-quarter hours, accompanied by a pigeon and a cat and a dog. The pigeon flew off, and Lunardi touched-down for a moment or two at North Mimms; here the cat came to the conclusion that there was little comfort to be found in the upper reaches of the air and abandoned ship, while the dog stayed aboard as a dog should. So far, I have not heard of any similar glasses to this one, but it is, I suggest, a little difficult to imagine that only one was manufactured. Presumably several of the same batch were engraved, possibly to grace the annual dinner of a club. The glass itself appears to be a typical opaque twist-stem wine-glass, which could have been made in almost any year after about the middle of the century.

This brings me to a little handbook on glass entitled "Chats on Old Glass," by R. A. Robertson (Ernest Benn; 12s. 6d.), which is well illustrated, nicely balanced and informative—and, belying its title, tells us something about modern developments on the very sensible ground that to-day becomes tomorrow very quickly, and that some new thing next year will be greatly admired by collectors a century hence. It is, for example, well to be reminded that Ruskin's fulmination against all cut-glass as barbarous was based upon his own inability to see further than his nose. He argued that there were two things about the nature of glass—its ductility when hot and its transparency when cold. Therefore, said he, not only cutting is barbarous, for that conceals its ductility and confuses it with crystal, but also "all very neat, finished and perfect form in glass is barbarous, for this fails in proclaiming another of its virtues—namely, the ease with which its light substance can be moulded or blown into any form, so long as perfect accuracy be not required"—which misses this point, that when glass is cold its character has changed from soft to hard, and therefore a sculptural treatment is no less natural. But while the woolly-minded Ruskin was thus laying down the law, the much clearer-headed William Morris saw that if the standards of the industry were deplorable, the way to improve them was by example, not by abuse. He found a man of like mind and the necessary technical ability in H. J. Powell, who wrote: "Cutting applied in such a way as to proclaim the brilliance of glass, without obscuring or cloaking the form given by the glass-blower's breath, helps to illustrate an essential quality of the material and should no longer be regarded as barbarous." From this came many good

things, including some remarkably fine work in our own generation, not merely cut in glass, but in engraving, and in the designs made specifically for mass production by Keith Murray and others.

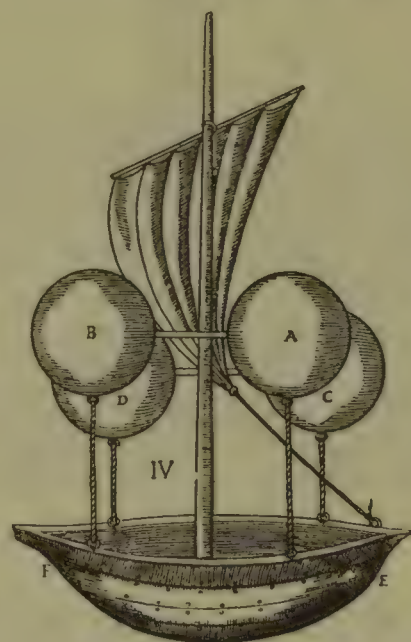


Fig. 2. Lana's Aerial Ship. 1670.

THE ORIGINAL DRAWING FOR A LIGHTER-THAN-AIR AIRSHIP ON WHICH IS BASED THE ENGRAVING ON THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GLASS ILLUSTRATED: FRANCESCO DE LANA'S DESIGN FOR AN "AERIAL SHIP."

Francesco de Lana's design for an "aerial ship," 1670, from his book, "*Prodromo Overo Saggio di Alcune Inventioni Nuove Premesso All' Arte Mæstra.*" on which is based the engraving on the eighteenth-century glass shown in other photographs, is illustrated in Mr. C. H. Gibbs-Smith's "History of Flying" (Batsford; 1953); and the author points out that "Almost as remarkable as the design was de Lana's prophecy of its military possibilities. He was the first man to describe the modern technique of aerial attack and invasion." He wrote that "iron weights could be hurled down to wreck the ships and kill their crews; or the ships could be set on fire by fireballs and bombs. Not only ships, but houses, fortresses and cities could thus be destroyed..."

The author steers his way with much skill through a tangle of facts and manages to enliven his pages very agreeably with shrewd remarks about certain personalities who would otherwise appear rather shadowy characters. He gives every credit to George Ravenscroft for his researches into the nature of glass (Ravenscroft died in 1681), but emphasizes the fact that Ravenscroft—essentially a research man—was fortunate in having first-class and imaginative backing from the commercial minds of the Glass Sellers' Company, who knew their market. He has warm praise for the gallant Venetian immigrant, Giacomo Verzelini, who had to fight against ignorance, jealousy and arson, and in spite of all that, won through to a fortune

and a proud position in history as the father of English glass-making. He is by no means unkind to Sir Robert Mansell, the typical big-business magnate of the early seventeenth century, recognising that, if the glass industry was to prosper, a ruthless tycoon of that sort was probably a necessity. There is also an interesting note about George Hay, the founder of the industry in Scotland, who, like Sir Robert Mansell, also had influence at Court. The two waged a prolonged war, Hay enticing Mansell's workmen away from him and raising the price of Scottish coal. Hay refused to sell out to his rival—then he fell ill, and sold his glass-house to a London merchant, Thomas Robinson, who turned out to be merely an agent for Sir Robert. The Civil War naturally put an end to the monopoly enjoyed by Mansell, and the next move after the Restoration was a patent given to the Duke of Buckingham who owned the glasshouse at Vauxhall and very sensibly stayed away from it and allowed people who knew the job to attend to the day-to-day management. Altogether an unpretentious, cheerful little book, nicely adapted for beginners.



ENGRAVED ON ONE SIDE WITH WHAT IS APPARENTLY AN AIRSHIP BASED ON DE LANA'S FAMOUS SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY DESIGN (LEFT) AND ON THE OTHER WITH THE WORDS "SUCCESS TO AEROSTATION" (RIGHT): AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GLASS.

The "airship" engraved on the eighteenth-century glass which Frank Davis discusses on this page is based on de Lana's design for an "aerial ship" illustrated in his famous book, "*Prodromo Overo Saggio di Alcune Inventioni Nuove Premesso All' Arte Mæstra.*" On the other side of the glass the words "Success to Aerostation" are engraved.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



DIED ON JULY 14:

SEÑOR JACINTO BENAVENTE.

Señor Benavente, who was eighty-seven, was a distinguished Spanish playwright, awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1922. The Stage Society, Everyman Theatre and the Festival Theatre, Cambridge, produced translations of several of his plays, including "Los Intereses Creados," considered his best work.



DIED ON JULY 13:

MR. GRANTLAND RICE.

Mr. Grantland Rice, the American sports writer, was seventy-three. His column, "The Sportlight," appeared in over a hundred newspapers. A skilful baseball player, Rice in 1914 joined the *New York Tribune* as sports writer, continuing with the *Herald Tribune* until 1930, when his column was syndicated by the North American Newspaper Alliance.



DIED ON JULY 17:

LORD GRANTLEY.

Lord Grantley, who was sixty-two, was, as the Hon. Richard Norton, a leading figure and wit in social circles between the wars. He had been closely associated with the British film industry since 1931, and was Director of Pinewood Studios Ltd. His memoirs, "Silver Spoon," were published in March.



WINNER OF M.C.C. TENNIS PRIZE:
M. G. L. BRUCE.

The Hon. M. G. L. Bruce, the amateur tennis champion and elder son of Lord Aberdare—himself a great tennis champion in his day—won the M.C.C. Gold Prize at Lord's on July 14 when he beat D. J. Warburg, the holder, by 3-6, 6-3, 6-2, 6-0. Bruce, who was beaten by Warburg in the final last year, thus avenges his defeat.



**MR. STANLEY BATE: A GIFTED
BRITISH COMPOSER.**

The Third Symphony by Stanley Bate, the young British composer, received high praise at its first performance by the Hallé Orchestra under Sir John Barbirolli, at the Cheltenham Festival. Mr. Bate leaves shortly for the U.S.A., where three of his new works will be given this autumn.



**WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE: MAJOR G. E. TWINE BEING
CHAIRIED AFTER HIS VICTORY AT BISLEY.**

Major G. E. Twine, formerly of the Royal Artillery, won the Queen's Prize at the eighty-fifth Imperial Meeting of the National Rifle Association at Bisley on July 17 with the fine score of 278 out of a possible 300. Major Twine is a member of the City Rifle Club.



**ON HIS WAY TO ATTEND A PRIVATE INVESTITURE
AT THE PALACE: MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.**

Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, the author, who is eighty years old, attended a private investiture at Buckingham Palace on July 14, and had the honour of being received by the Queen, who invested him with the Insignia of a Member of the Order of the Companions of Honour.



**THE IMAM OF THE YEMEN (SEATED) WHOSE GOVERNMENT HAS
BEEN FOMENTING REBELLION IN THE ADEN PROTECTORATE.**
As reported elsewhere in this issue, the British Government has recently accused the Yemen of fomenting rebellion in the Aden Protectorate. The Imam is shown in his Throne Room during a recent visit by Major Salem, Egyptian Minister of National Guidance.



**SEEKING ASYLUM IN BRITAIN: THE POLISH COMPOSER,
MR. ANDRZEJ PANUFNIK, WITH HIS WIFE.**

Mr. Andrzej Panufnik, the Polish composer who escaped to London from Poland on July 14, is reported to be seeking political asylum in this country. Mr. Panufnik was formerly vice-president of the Association of Polish Composers in Warsaw.



**A NEW METROPOLITAN MAGIS-
TRATE: SIR JOHN CAMERON.**

The Queen has appointed Sir John Cameron, Bart., to be a Metropolitan Magistrate in succession to Mr. Walter Blake Odgers, Q.C., who has retired. Sir John, who is Vice-Chairman of Council, Royal Holloway College, University of London, was educated at Charterhouse and Christ's College, Cambridge.



**NEW AMBASSADOR TO SPAIN:
SIR IVO MALLET.**

Sir Ivo Mallet, Ambassador at Belgrade since 1951, has been appointed to be Ambassador at Madrid in succession to Sir John Balfour. Sir Ivo was educated at Harrow and Balliol College, Oxford, and entered the Foreign Service in 1925. From 1949-1951 he was British representative at the abortive Austrian Treaty talks.



**JULIET MARION HULME AND PAULINE YVONNE PARKER
(RIGHT), SCHOOLGIRLS ACCUSED OF MURDER.**

Two schoolgirls, Pauline Yvonne Parker (sixteen) and Juliet Marion Hulme (fifteen), were on July 16 committed for trial in the Supreme Court, Christchurch, N.Z., on a charge of murdering Mrs. Honora Mary Parker, mother of the former.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT is an agreeable thing to leave the clanging street and to spend an afternoon set "dispersedly, in various countries." That is the invitation of "Pericles, Prince of Tyre." Within two minutes I was out of Station Street, Birmingham, and a "field of stars" hung in the violet night over Antioch. We were off on our Levantine tour. It would take us to Tyre, to Tarsus, to Pentapolis, to the stormy Mediterranean, to Mytilene, to Ephesus. Much would happen. Pericles would "enter, wet." He would win a king's daughter. He would call, in magnificent Shakespearean phrase, upon the "god of this great vast" to rebuke the "surges which wash both heaven and hell." A princess would rise, alive, from a wave-borne chest driven ashore in a raging storm. And towards the end we should see the sky above Mytilene stream suddenly with celestial light, and watch Diana, queen and huntress, "goddess argentine," as she called on Pericles to "do upon mine altar sacrifice."

"Dispersedly," you see, "in various countries": a play, moreover, unafraid of romantic marvels. It

dangerous) than to present every fine speech to Shakespeare and every botched line to some hack collaborator.

Still, the authorship need not disturb us. It is, I think, impossible to miss the tingle, the quiver of recognition when the voice of a great dramatist is heard in the storm. Later, the reunion of Pericles and Marina is deeply touching. At the Birmingham performance I attended, the Jacobean authors might have been flattered to hear an unashamed sniffing, and to mark the handkerchief-work in the auditorium. Clearly, "Pericles" was coming to many as a new play. And nothing could be more rewarding, after the long, romantic tangle, these moving accidents by flood and field, than to watch the father's joy as Marina, the daughter lost, returned by miracle:

What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

The various revivals of "Pericles" have proved that the piece, apparently so haphazard in the text, can keep its hearers in suspense. It is the brand of absorbing make-believe narrative that insists on being heard to the end. A play or novel may be riddled with faults and yet fix our attention for the fable's sake (we were talking the other day about "East Lynne"). "Pericles" might almost have been written as a serial. The Prince of Tyre has escaped from Antioch. Thaliard pursues him with (curiously) a pistol. What will happen in to-morrow's palpitating instalment? So it goes throughout. The eve of the jousting; the end of the shipboard scene; the capture of Marina; the vision of Diana: the play is a set of romantic effects, episodes to be continued in our next. We must begin by agreeing to accept anything; once in that spirit, it does not surprise us in the least when Thaisa, after being thrown, confined, into the "humming water"—a

phrase that has stuck with me since I read "Pericles" in a house by the sea—is restored in perhaps three minutes by the medicine-man, Cerimon of Ephesus. And no one is likely to question the way in which the family comes together again after fourteen years' dispersal (in various countries). All that matters to us is Thaisa's incredulous cry, "O, my lord, are you not Pericles?" With the Prince, we say: "Immortal Dian!"

"... nothing could be more rewarding, after the long, romantic tangle, ... than to watch the father's joy as Marina, the daughter lost, returned by miracle: 'What was thy mother's name? tell me but that, For truth can never be confirm'd enough, Though doubts did ever sleep.'"

is not one to be met every day, and certainly not at a Birmingham matinée, though Sir Barry Jackson's Repertory has often surprised its playgoers. In the cinema one is more used to this dispersal in various countries; but I doubt whether my friend Alan Dent has yet had a Pericles gazing from the screen to say: "O still Thy deafening dreadful thunders; gently quench Thy nimble sulphurous flashes."

For that matter, "Pericles" has known few stages in the last century, though (in recent years) more than one would have expected. I am less astonished than I used to be when I hear that the piece is going to turn up somewhere; that everyone will be off again to the Levant. The only place in which I shall be amazed to see it is a West End theatre. So far, I have collected it on the turf of the Open Air Theatre (for the moment, alas, gone from us, though Mr. Atkins must be glad that he did not match his pastoral plays against the early summer); at Stratford-upon-Avon, very properly, for it had not been acted there in any serious version; at the Rudolf Steiner Hall, in Upper Baker Street; and now at the Birmingham "Rep.", which is, theatrically, the Midlands' golden heart.

When it was written in James the First's reign—it had begun, long before, as fifth-century Greek romance—it was a stage best-seller. Intellectuals envied and hated its prosperity. That could not be why it was omitted from the First Folio of Shakespeare. Obviously, its authorship is mixed; its scenes, we suppose, are written dispersedly, in various hands. George Wilkins usually gets the blame for the non-Shakespearean portions of "Pericles." It is hard to dogmatise, for nothing is more tempting (or more

For years I have had the love for "Pericles" that one can have for a fractious child. And by now, in this production or that, I have heard all of it spoken in the theatre, down to the roughest lines of the garrulous Chorus, Gower (John Gower, the poet, had adapted the old tale in his "Confessio Amantis"). Shakespeare's Warwickshire is at last hearing the play in full. Nugent Monck cut away the first act in



"THE PEOPLE ARE A WILD BAND OF GROTESQUES, AND THE SWISS PLAYERS PRESENTED THEM WITH SPIRIT, ALL-ALIVE-O!": A SCENE FROM "EDMÉE" (ARTS THEATRE, LONDON), STAGED IN FRENCH BY THE THÉÂTRE DE POCHÉ DE GENÈVE.

the Stratford-upon-Avon revival of 1947; we began with the entry of the shipwrecked Prince, "wet," on the shore of Pentapolis. And on the only other Stratford appearance of "Pericles," in 1900, the play was Shakespeare-and-Wilkins, with a large and absurd admixture of John Coleman. He was a charming old actor with a "Pericles" fixation. The tale of his botched version (in which, elderly and portly, he took the leading part himself) is now familiar in Stratford history. Coleman did not hesitate, he said, to "purge the first act, to eradicate the banality of the second, to omit the irrelevant Gower chorus, and altogether to eliminate the obscenity of the fourth act." Not much remained after eradication, omission, purging, and elimination. Coleman called it "my play," and would provide, unblinking, such a dire couplet as this:

In me you see the prisoner you desire,
For I am Pericles, the Prince of Tyre.

The Birmingham cuts are negligible, though I do regret the loss of the Knights' procession before Simonides and Thaisa. Douglas Seale, letting the play flow swiftly across the stage, has used only a single permanent set (designed by Paul Shelving) for all the various countries. Two stairs curve down from a raised platform; behind is the expanse of sky: there is Antioch, there Tyre, there the ship in the

Mediterranean gale, there Mytilene and Ephesus. It is enough: the play lives in its strong, eager acting. Pericles is Richard Pasco, sometimes enunciating self-consciously, but always quick to seize upon any beauty in the verse; he can give a romantic glow to the man, both as wandering Prince and as the mourner at Mytilene. His Marina (Doreen Aris) has a grave tenderness: she flowers among the rank weeds in that fourth act, one of the nightmares of the fairy-tale, presenting, as a modern critic has said, "the antics of goblins who can have no kinship with humanity." I like the way in which Bernard Hepton, in chant or speech, manages to point the couplets of Gower, who ushers us out with lines apt for any piece: "So on your patience, evermore attending, New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending."

Not long ago the Birmingham Repertory did an English version of "Edmée," a farcical rough-and-tumble by P. A. Bréal. The Théâtre de Poche from Geneva has just staged the play in French at the Arts Theatre Club in London.

This, apparently from a Breton equivalent of Cold Comfort Farm, is about as remote from "The Farmer's Wife," with which I have heard it bracketed, as you can possibly imagine. The people are a wild band of grotesques, and the Swiss players presented them with spirit, all-alive-o!



THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHESUS, THE FINAL SCENE FROM SHAKESPEARE'S "PERICLES," WITH (FRONT; LEFT TO RIGHT) LYSIMACHUS (ALAN ROWE), MARINA (DOREEN ARIS), PERICLES (RICHARD PASCO), THAISA (ELEANORE BRYAN), CERIMON (JACK MAY) AND HELICANUS (EDWARD HARVEY).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE" (Birmingham Repertory Theatre).—The romantic adventure, semi-Shakespearean, has arrived excitingly upon Sir Barry Jackson's stage in a production by Douglas Seale. (June 29; seen July 7.)
"EDMÉE" (Arts Theatre Club).—Swiss players from Geneva hustle through a rural farce, set in an eccentric village of Brittany. (July 12–July 18.)

NOTRE DAME
FLOOD-LIT, AND
"NOTRE DAME"
IN THE NEW
"ESMERALDA"
BALLET, AND
CIRCUS AND
FISHING STORIES.

(RIGHT.) FLOOD-LIT, SEARCH-LIT AND SURROUNDED BY BURSTING FIREWORKS, NOTRE DAME SHINES OUT OVER PARIS ON THE FÊTE NATIONALE—THE 165TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE.

The Fourteenth of July—France's Fête Nationale and the 165th anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille—was celebrated this year with the biggest military parade since the war. Nearly 200 tanks and 300 or more armoured cars took part in the parade in the Champs Elysées, which was watched by the President, the Prime Minister and his Government and about 250,000 Parisians. The procession was led by Touaregs on dromedaries of the Sahara Patrol. Low cloud prevented a fly-past of jet aircraft.



"I DO LOVE DANCING—BUT, OH! MY FEET": THE THIRTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD LEADING LADY ELEPHANT OF HAGENBECK'S CIRCUS, BEING FITTED WITH SPECIALLY MADE BOOTS TO PROTECT HER FEET.



LANDING A REALLY BIG FISH—AS A PROBLEM IN LOGISTICS: HAULING ABOARD A WHALE SHARK, ESTIMATED AT 20,000 LB., WHICH HAD BEEN CAUGHT BY THE FISHING SHIP ALBERTA IN THE BAHAMAS AND TOWED TO MIAMI.



THE HUNGARIAN DANCERS, NORA KOVACH AND ISTVAN RABOVSKY, AS *ESMERALDA* AND *GRINGOIRE*.



IN "*ESMERALDA*": (L. TO R.) KEITH BECKETT (*QUASIMODO*), ANTON DOLIN (*FROLLO*), "NATALIE KRASSOVSKA (*ESMERALDA*)."



NATALIE KRASSOVSKA (*ESMERALDA*) AND OLEG BRIANSKY (*PHOEBUS DE CHATEAUPERS*) IN "*ESMERALDA*."

On July 15 the Festival Ballet opened its summer season at the Royal Festival Hall with a world première of "*La Esmeralda*." This three-act ballet, based on Victor Hugo's "*Notre Dame de Paris*," was originally produced by Jules Perrot in London in 1848 and in St. Petersburg by Petipa in 1886. The present version has choreography by Nicholas Beriosoff, décor and costumes by Nicola Benois, and the music, as before,

by Cesare Pugni, now edited by Geoffrey Corbett. On July 15 the rôles of *La Esmeralda* and *Pierre Gringoire* were danced by Natalie Krassovska and John Gilpin; on July 19 these rôles were taken over by the Hungarians Nora Kovach and Istvan Rabovsky, who last year escaped from behind the Iron Curtain. The chief character rôle, *Claud Frollo*, was danced by Anton Dolin, that of *Quasimodo* by Keith Beckett.

THE WORLD TO-DAY: PICTURES OF INTEREST FROM AT HOME AND ABROAD.



DEMONSTRATED IN THE KING GEORGE V. DOCK: RUBBER LIFE-SAVING DINGHIES, AND AN INFLATABLE CRAFT WHICH CAN BE PROPELLED BY OAR, SAIL OR OUTBOARD MOTOR.

The Ministry of Transport has approved the life-saving craft demonstrated from the *Durban Castle* in the King George V. Dock on July 14 before shipowners, marine superintendents, Admiralty officials and technicians. The circular dinghies hold either ten or twenty persons, and are designed for immediate flotation under

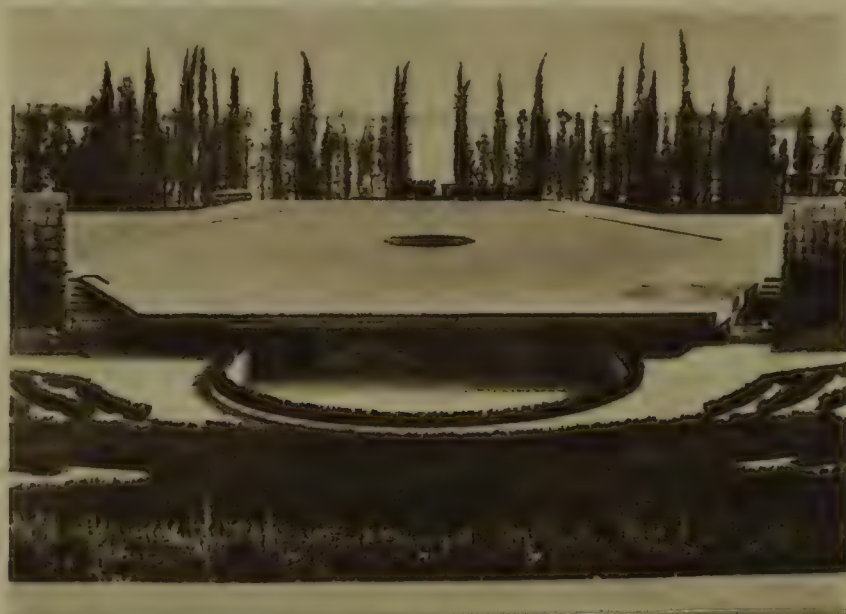


SHOWING THE EASE WITH WHICH IT CAN BE RIGHTED AFTER INFLATION: A RUBBER SIX-MAN DINGHY, AND (RIGHT) AN INFLATABLE CRAFT RECENTLY DEMONSTRATED.

adverse conditions. They are of a type used in the Royal Canadian Navy, and it is believed will be recommended as ancillary to regular ships' lifeboats. The inflatable craft, also illustrated, is primarily for military purposes. It has a high degree of seaworthiness and small stowage volume.



OPENED ON JUNE 13 WITH A PERFORMANCE OF A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY MYSTERY: THE NEW OPEN-AIR THEATRE IN THE PARK OF THE ISLAND OF SAN GIORGIO MAGGIORE, VENICE.



A CLOSE VIEW, SHOWING THE STAGE, TIERS OF MARBLE SEATS AND GENERAL PLAN WHICH RESEMBLES THAT OF A GREEK THEATRE: THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE OF SAN GIORGIO MAGGIORE, VENICE.

Venice now has a new open-air theatre in the park of the island of San Giorgio Maggiore, known as the "Green Theatre" on account of the circle of cypress trees which surrounds it. It was due to have opened on July 12 with a performance of the sixteenth-century mystery, "Life and Resurrection"; but the performance was postponed on account of bad weather until July 13. The theatre, which has accommodation for over 1000 spectators, is part of the cultural centre of the Cini foundation, endowed by Count Cini, a very wealthy Venetian [who purchased the island from the Italian Government some two years ago], as a memorial to his son, who was killed in an air crash. The theatre is built of white marble and took three years to construct.



PURCHASED BY MR. ANEURIN BEVAN: ASHERIDGE FARM, CHESHAM, WHICH IS SITUATED SEVEN MILES FROM CHEQUERS, OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF BRITISH PRIME MINISTERS. Mr. Aneurin Bevan, Socialist M.P. for Ebbw Vale, has purchased Asheridge Farm, Chesham, an estate of some 54 acres with a delightful house; and he and his wife, Miss Jenny Lee, Socialist M.P. for Cannock, intend to give up their London house and farm the land, with the help of a manager.



DESIGNED TO SERVE AS A LIGHT, HIGH-SPEED LIAISON AIRCRAFT OR A BASIC JET TRAINER: THE FRENCH SIPA 200 MINIJET WITH A 160-KILO. JET ENGINE.

The French Sipa 200 Minijet aircraft is a small two-seater jet-propelled machine intended to serve as a light, high-speed liaison aircraft or basic jet trainer. The fuselage has an all-metal nacelle and two metal tail booms. It is powered by a Turbomeca Palas engine.

THE NEW COMET, AN ERRAND OF MERCY, A STONEHENGE EXPERIMENT.



HOW THE BLUESTONES OF STONEHENGE WERE TRANSPORTED OVERLAND SOME 3000 YEARS AGO: AN EXPERIMENT SUGGESTING THE METHOD USED ON LAND.

Stonehenge is mainly composed of stones of sarsen and bluestone. The sarsens probably came from Marlborough Downs, the bluestones almost certainly from Prescelly, in Pembrokeshire. How were these latter transported by land and water? We show photographs of recent experiments, sponsored by the B.B.C.



HOW THE STONEHENGE BLUESTONES WERE CARRIED OVER WATER: PART OF AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT RECENTLY CARRIED OUT AND TELEVISED.

and supervised by Professor Stuart Piggott and Dr. R. Atkinson, in which an imitation bluestone, of reinforced concrete, was handled with only the tools and methods known to the Britons of the time. For the land experiment Canford School supplied the Ancient Britons; for the water, Bryanston School.



"SHE BEHAVED PERFECTLY": THE NEW MARK III. COMET AIRLINER—LARGER AND OF LONGER RANGE THAN ITS PREDECESSORS—WHICH MADE ITS FIRST FLIGHT ON JULY 19.

The prototype *Comet* Mark III. airliner made its initial flight on July 19 from the de Havilland Company's factory airfield at Hatfield, with the firm's chief test pilot, Group Captain John Cunningham, at the controls. The flight lasted eighty-five minutes and the pilot reported: "She behaved perfectly." It is powered with four Rolls-Royce *Avon* turbojet engines, giving a cruising speed of about 500 m.p.h. Its stage range is

upwards of 2600 miles against the *Comet* II's 2000 miles and its first-class payload is about 16,800 lb. against the *Comet* II's 13,000 lb. It is intended for service in 1956 or 1957, and orders have been received from B.O.A.C., Pan American Airways, and Air India International. This Mark III. *Comet* is envisaged as a partner to the *Comet* II. and not as its successor.

SUNNING HERSELF ON A ROCK IN THE SCILLIES: *SALLY THE SEAL*, A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH CLEARLY SHOWS THE SMALL MOTOR TYRE FIXED ROUND HER NECK.

At the end of June a seal was reported to be swimming among the Scilly Islands with a small motor tyre fixed round her neck. It was generally believed that this would prevent her diving and so lead to her death by starvation, or, alternatively, strangle her if she grew more. Since then R.S.P.C.A. officials, Inspector Greenhalgh, of Penzance, and Inspector Norris, of Truro, began a series of attempts to locate and catch the seal and free her from this fatal attachment. At the date of writing, although the seal, now generally known as *Sally the Seal*, had been seen and photographed, no successful rescue had been made. Some observers claim that she can still dive.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

THE PERILS OF PEACE.

By ALAN DENT.

HERE is a leaf from my last year's holiday journal when I went overland to Athens and stayed overnight in Trieste: "There is—it is obvious even to me—a certain uneasy amount of naval and military activity in this tranquil-seeming port, and a big American warship in the harbour, and lots of English uniforms in the streets as well. In the new ferro-concrete centre of the city I found a big crescent-shaped Military Headquarters sporting the flags of Britain and U.S.A. with between them a flag whose design was a yellow fleur-de-lis on a red background—which I must presume to be the flag of the State of Trieste. But directly opposite this—concentric with its crescent, as it were—I was enthralled to come upon an open-air Roman theatre, in its original condition though the *sedie* had been built up with inconspicuous brickwork. There was abundant stage-space and there were seats for, I computed, about 800 people. I tried in vain to elicit from a military policeman on duty in front of the headquarters opposite whether or not plays were still acted in this Roman amphitheatre. He was unforthcoming, and seemed, in fact, to think I was not entirely above suspicion in making notes and drawings so dangerously near to the headquarters he was guarding. Anyway, the theatre was about 2000 years older and more interesting than his headquarters, though I doubt whether he could have been prevailed upon to agree."

Let me be forgiven for quoting this chunk from my own unpublished and unpublishable diary. I do so not because it reveals, in a rather insouciant and picturesque way, what an unpolitical animal I am, and how enthralled I am by the past at the expense of the future and even of the present. No, my chief reason for the citation is that the dangerous adventure of Major Court in "The Stranger's Hand," on his way from Trieste to Venice to join his little son at the latter place, reminded me of my mild little adventure at the former place last year.

The Major (Trevor Howard) made the mistake of recognising and saying "How are you?" to a political prisoner who was being escorted on the same route. The acquaintance had apparently been blinded and

Mr. Graham Greene, and in consequence all such doubts are dissolved by a painful and moving little scene in which the boy fails to recognise his father when he does find him, (1) because it is some years since the pair had



HOFFY (ANITA BJORK) HAS BEEN ARRESTED BY A BRITISH INTELLIGENCE OFFICER. COLONEL VAN DYKE (GREGORY PECK) IS ANNOYED AND PROMISES HOFFY THAT SHE WILL BE FREED. "NIGHT PEOPLE" (20TH CENTURY-FOX). (ODEON, MARBLE ARCH, JULY 8.)

been together and the boy does not discern the beloved face under a growth of beard and an enforced illness, and (2) because the father cannot recognise him back, having been temporarily deprived of his senses. The

horror of this makes us there and then overlook the improbability of the meeting happening so easily, or at all.

The last time I was in Venice it was basking under a torrid July sun, and my witty companion observed with some justice that the famous Panorama had temporarily turned into a "panaroma." He was right; my goodness, he was right! The peculiar merit of this film—directed by Mario Soldati with an English and American company of actors—is that it sorts out its murky intrigue in the full "panaromatic" atmosphere of Venice's back-shop as distinct from its shop-window. Anyone who has sought out the splendid and arrogant statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni on his haughty horse, without having recourse to the expensive but practically irresistible gondola, will know exactly what I mean.

In an even better film, called "Night People," the sense of peril is even more directly communicated. The unoffending party who is abducted in this case is a young American corporal in to-day's Berlin who is simply "spirited away" by the Russians and held in prison till he can be exchanged for two expatriates in the pathetic shape of a gone-to-seed cabaret-pianist and her blinded husband.

The conflict here is not really that between the present Powers who share and rule Berlin—else I should not presume or dare to examine it! It is, instead, a conflict between a weary young Colonel (Gregory Peck) and the Ohio tycoon who is the abducted corporal's father (Broderick Crawford). The latter flies over from Ohio to Berlin thinking that his personal acquaintance with several Senators and his own practically unlimited dollars can dissolve the problem and restore his boy to him in next to no time. The several scenes between these two men—the Colonel grim, wise and brusque, and the Magnate disillusioned about the power of his wealth and gradually turning perceptive as well as human—are not only the best in this film but the best in any recent film.

This one has been both scripted and directed by Nunnally Johnson. It is a tingling, omniscient affair, as full of the atmosphere of to-day's militarised Berlin as that other recommended film is full of the



HOTEL RECEPTIONIST ROBERTA (ALIDA VALLI) FINDS ROGER COURT (RICHARD O'SULLIVAN) AND TRIES TO PERSUADE HIM TO RETURN TO THE BRITISH CONSULATE FROM WHICH HE HAS RUN AWAY IN ORDER TO LOOK FOR HIS FATHER, WHO HAS MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED IN VENICE. "THE STRANGER'S HAND" (BRITISH LION FILM CORPORATION). (GENERALLY RELEASED, JULY 5.)

did not answer. But the next thing the Major knew was that he was lying in a filthy room in the back-canals—the not-so-grand canals—of Venice and being given injections to make and keep him helplessly ill. He was in the hands of enemy agents of an unspecified sort, and he endured a peculiarly and hideously arduous ordeal—largely under the untender care of a mad surgeon (Eduardo Cianelli)—before his little son found him out and restored him to liberation in an involved and roundabout way.

It seems to me that the little boy finds his father's prison in a way which would be improbable even if Venice were twenty times smaller than it is. But the talented story-teller at the back of it all is



"THE PECULIAR MERIT OF THIS FILM—DIRECTED BY MARIO SOLDATI WITH AN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN COMPANY OF ACTORS—IS THAT IT SORTS OUT ITS MURKY INTRIGUE IN THE FULL 'PANAROMATIC' ATMOSPHERE OF VENICE'S BACK-SHOP AS DISTINCT FROM ITS SHOP-WINDOW": MAJOR COURT (TREVOR HOWARD) AND DR. VIVALDI (EDUARDO CIANELLI) IN A SCENE FROM GRAHAM GREENE'S "THE STRANGER'S HAND."

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

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backwash of Venice. It uses the new CinemaScope screen to high and exciting advantage. It has not only Mr. Peck acting quite superbly, but many other interesting performances, notably one of a treacherous little intermediary by Anita Bjork (whom all connoisseurs must remember in the Swedish film of Strindberg's "Mademoiselle Julie").

Since I began on a personal note I may as well conclude on one. "Night People" helps to solve my own holiday problem this year. I know now that I shall not go, or even attempt to go, to Berlin. Military headquarters obviously abound there, and any such fascinating object as a Roman amphitheatre is clearly at a non-existent discount.

CHURCH, STATE AND POLITICS, A WAR MEMORIAL AND A RELIC.



THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE MEMORIAL CLOISTER: CAPTAIN GOODHART-RENDEL'S DESIGN FOR THE ENTRANCE.



A REGIMENTAL BOOK IN ITS RECESS: THE DESIGN, SHOWING THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY REGIMENTAL BADGE.



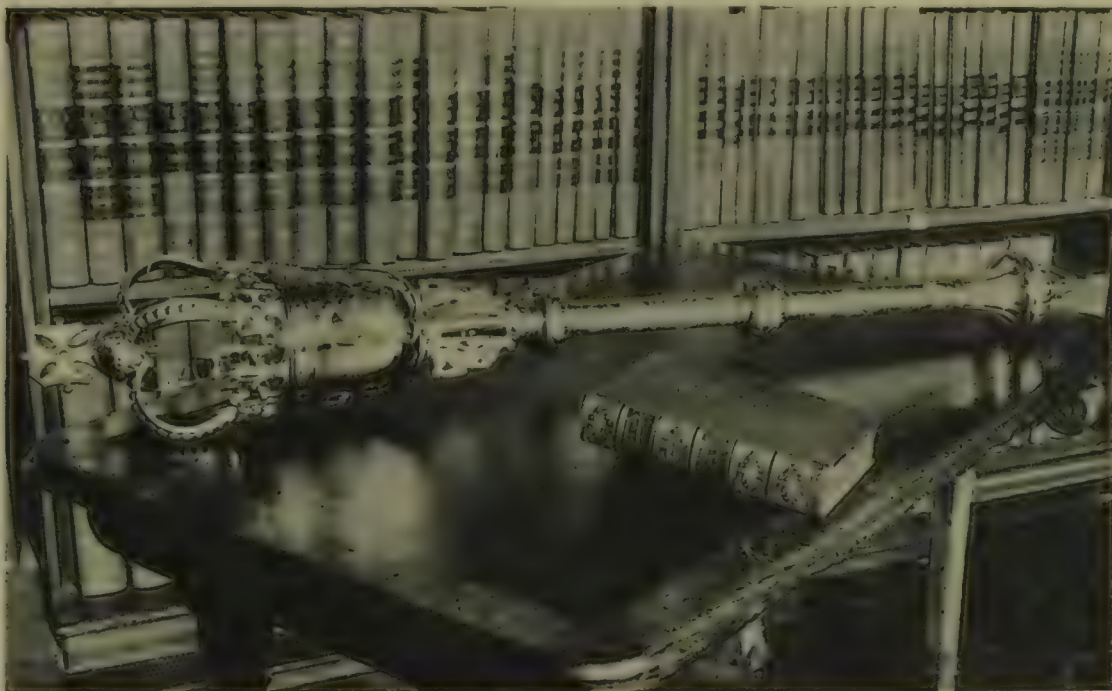
TO LEAD TO THE GUARDS CHAPEL FROM BIRDCAGE WALK: THE DESIGN FOR THE BRIGADE MEMORIAL CLOISTER.

Permission to begin work on the Household Brigade Memorial to Officers and Men killed in World War II, has been granted. It will be a cloister leading from Birdcage Walk to the narthex of the Guards Chapel, with five bays having recesses for the Books of Remembrance of the several Regiments. The five west side recesses will contain the Books of the Regiments of Foot Guards; on the east the northernmost recess will hold the Book of the Royal Horse Guards, the southernmost, the Book of the Life Guards. The memorial, which has been designed by Captain Goodhart-Rendel, will, it is hoped, be completed in 1956.



FORMALLY APPROVED BY THE QUEEN AT A PRIVY COUNCIL MEETING ON JUNE 15: THE NEW GREAT SEAL OF SCOTLAND, THE OVERSE WITH HER MAJESTY, CROWNED AND THRONED, HOLDING SCEPTRE AND ORB; DESIGNED BY GILBERT LEDWARD, R.A.

The new Great Seal of Scotland, formally approved by her Majesty, bears on the reverse an elaborate version of the Royal Arms in their Scottish form, unchanged since 1903. The obverse, designed by Mr. Gilbert Ledward, R.A., shows her Majesty, throned and crowned, in her robes of State.



TO BE PRESENTED TO THE FEDERAL ASSEMBLY OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND ON SEPTEMBER 10: A MACE AND A SPECIALLY BOUND AND INSCRIBED COPY OF ERSKINE MAY'S "PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE."

Members of the House of Commons forming a delegation to East and Central Africa of the U.K. Branch of the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association will present to the Federal Assembly of Rhodesia and Nyasaland a silver-gilt mace, in silhouette resembling that of the House of Commons, and a copy of the fifteenth edition of Erskine May's "Parliamentary Practice."



AFTER HIS ENTHRONEMENT ON JULY 16: DR. W. M. ASKWITH, BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER, WALKING IN PROCESSION FROM THE CATHEDRAL.

Dr. W. M. Askwith, formerly Bishop of Blackburn, was, on July 16, enthroned as Bishop of Gloucester. The congregation included the Mayors of Gloucester, Blackburn, Worcester, Hereford, Cheltenham and Tewkesbury. The Coverdale Bible, one of the greatest treasures of Gloucester Cathedral, was used by the Bishop when he took the oath to obey the cathedral statute. In his address the Bishop stressed the need for better, rather than cleverer, men and women.



FROM THE HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI: A PLASTER STATUE OF OUR LADY.

The Convent of Our Lady of Mercy attached to the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, Grove End Road, possesses a statue of Our Lady taken to the Crimea by the Sisters of Mercy who worked with Florence Nightingale.



A CONGRATULATORY BOUQUET: PROFESSOR HEUSS, AFTER HIS RE-ELECTION AS GERMAN FEDERAL REPUBLIC PRESIDENT.

Professor Theodor Heuss was re-elected President of the German Federal Republic for a further term of five years by an overwhelming majority of the electoral college, who came specially to Berlin. He is seen outside the East Prussia Hall of the Funkturm Exhibition accepting a bouquet from a little girl.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THIS week, two of the novels are outstanding in contrasted styles, the third has a quiet charm, and all, to put it awkwardly, are "about subjects"—they have an interest independent of the plot. Most commonly, this is a source of power; one can expect the fiction to be nourished by it. But it is not an irreversible result; here, the most striking theme has in a manner batted on the novel. I shall be surprised if "The New Men," by C. P. Snow (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.), does not appear, even to willing minds, somehow thin-blooded, slippery and disappointing. And perhaps more so than it should; partly the disappointment is in grain, but partly, too, it is an effect of definition. We have tuned in to a story; what we are getting is a "feature programme" on the emergence of the atom bomb.

Though, of course, strictly on the human side. There is no technical gibberish—nor call for it, since Lewis Eliot could not oblige. He is a layman, neatly in the dark; yet as a Civil Servant, with a younger brother on the job, he is behind the scenes from the word go. Or even before that—from the first rumour to the post-war atom spies. And he has covered every point: the transit of a dim idea, out in the vague: the small-scale, practical beginnings; the "new men" in their state of innocence, nearing the goal, racked with professional suspense: the growing, fantastic-seeming doubt, "What will they do with it?" then the dark moment and irrevocable Fall, changing a job of work into a moral predicament. Not to forget cases of radiation illness, and atomic treason—as far as I can see, all that is possible. And I should think that it was possible from no one else. Others may be familiar with the ground; only this writer has the wedding garment. Not simply through his special knowledge, his amphibian career, his footing with new men and old, even his turn for character and motive. These are the fortunate materials; but the true charm is one's persuasion that at every moment he is talking sense. Which you may think faint praise—or a mere question of intelligence. But it has no connection with intelligence. It is a rarer, and essentially moral gift; though, as one element in writing is the tone, and there is such attraction in a reasonable tone, it becomes also an aesthetic merit.

And so we get round to the disappointment. In bits and scraps, this is a story, after all. Only one can't be bothered with it—either with Martin Eliot, or his relations with his wife, or his rebellion against brother-love. Mr. Snow's weakness as a novelist is in projecting character. He has a tendency to judicious remarks on people we don't really know, and don't much want to know; and here there is no saving unity of action. There was far more intensity and substance in *The Masters*, with its focus on a small concern.

OTHER FICTION.

And now we have a brilliant specimen of quite a different genius and technique. "Bhowani Junction," by John Masters (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), is "about" something, and something serious enough: the last days of the British Raj. But it is not a study of them; it is a story, straight off and from end to end. No doubt, Bhowani Junction signifies the hour of change, the parting of the ways, and, chiefly, the position of the Anglo-Indian, who has no home—only a ludicrous, pathetic home—and is about to be left high and dry. But that is only the idea; immediately, it is a bunch of railway tracks, an Anglo-Indian settlement and place of work, and now a likely scene of trouble. There are symptoms of another 1942—the great "non-violent" year, with its concomitants of railway sabotage, burning alive, flogging to death. Gurkhas have moved into the empty lines; communal clashes have begun, trains are being wrecked, a railway strike is in the air, and K. P. Roy, the Moscow-terrorist, lurks underground. As Colonel Savage says, "This is a melodrama, isn't it?" At least, it is romantic action without stint. And its new Savage is a blatantly romantic hero, "sure as a tiger," dominant as an electric shock. Except that he is not blatant at all; like Hornblower, he is a dust-and-ashes type, loathing his every coup. And he is ousted finally by the Eurasian clod, the "big, brave, clumsy buffalo," luckless and always in the wrong. Between them Patrick and his "railway girl" cover the whole Eurasian dilemma—the hopelessness of digging in, and the impossibility of getting out; yet it is they, not Savage, who possess the future. Everyone meets his proper fate, but first they are all there: some of the Indians especially, like the Collector, black, untouchable and English-bred, and Mr. Surabhai, the Congress innocent.

"The Bond Of Green Withy," by Berta Lawrence (Werner Laurie; 12s. 6d.), seems by comparison subdued; yet not rebuked, for it has something special of its own. It is a regional novel, about Sedgemoor. In this queer landscape, with its dead flat, emerald-green fields, its "rhines" and "doves," its pollard willows and its withy-beds, Catherine is a stranger—and at the outset a reluctant stranger. She had a farmer-swain in her own country; but now it has to be Will England. They must "do right by the child"; perhaps with endless toil, from a minute wage and a single withy-plot, they can expand into a little business. Catherine's fixed idea—a little withy-business for her sons—makes her a part of Creech St. Ambrose, and makes the village and its industries, the scene and sky, the beautiful catastrophes of flood and frost, into a real part of the story. The whole book has a poetic warmth.

"The Odd Flamingo," by Nina Bawden (Collins; 10s. 6d.), starts with an accusation against Humphrey Stone, the head of a boys' school in Somerhurst. A girl named Rose Blacker calls on his wife, and says she is with child by him. She is scared, exquisite and very young; and she has ardent love-letters in proof. Celia just can't cope; and Will—her old friend and solicitor, who tells the story—is convinced and shocked. However, he agrees to do his best for them. This promise takes him to the Odd Flamingo, Humphrey's escape (it seems) from too many "nice people." There, among spivs and derelicts, he found his dewy little girl. Yet he denies the child—but there is worse to come, for he is soon facing a murder charge.

This is the beginning of an unusually distinguished story. The author's earlier book had the same tension, the feel of mental suffering and really horrid mystery—but it was violently far-fetched; this is much saner and more plausible.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ANCIENT CHURCH TO MODERN LAPLAND.

A LITTLE while ago I was in the village church of Barton Stacey, which I believe to be—the sentimentality of old and long association apart—one of the most remarkable parish churches in the country in point of beauty, antiquity, and architectural interest. Yet such is the richness of this country in parish churches that it does not even score a mention among the hundreds to which Mr. G. H. Cook makes reference in "The English Mediaeval Parish Church" (Phoenix; 36s.). Like the manor house, to which it was so closely linked, the parish church is one of the glories of Britain and, like it, equally threatened by neglect and decay. Of all worthy objects I can think of none better deserving than the "Save the Churches Fund." Yet the task of its organisers is formidable as this book by inference shows. While we must take with a pinch of salt the fifteenth-century document in the

British Museum which states "Sunt in Anglia ecclesie parochiales 45011," as Mr. Cook says "Despite wanton demolitions in post-Reformation days and destruction by enemy action in our own time, 9000 or more parish churches of mediaeval foundation remain in this country, and to these must be added the many monastic and collegiate churches which were acquired by the laity and made parochial when the religious houses were suppressed in 1536-40." In the rich agricultural and sheep-raising counties of Norfolk, Suffolk and Lincolnshire—where the ages of faith happily coincided with immense arable and wool-stapling prosperity—there are still 520 (out of an original 650) mediaeval churches in Norfolk, rather more in Lincolnshire and some 550 in Suffolk. It is an amazing total—almost depressing, alike to one such as the present writer, who had a youthful ambition to visit them all, camera in hand, and to the church authorities, anxious to restore crumbling stonework and decaying timber. Mr. Cook in this book which is written by a scholar and for which scholars will be grateful—as indeed will the general public—gives an admirable impression, both in text and photographs, of the infinite variety and range of our parish churches. How widely they differ!—and if you wish to study them with Mr. Cook you must go from the little two-celled Saxon church at Bradford-on-Avon, in Wiltshire, or the simple nave-and-chancel eighth-century church at Escomb, in Durham, to semi-cathedrals such as St. Mary Redcliffe, in Bristol. Or again, we must range from one of the smallest churches in England—Little Lullington, in Sussex, measuring only 16 ft. square internally, or the Norman church at Culbone, North Devon, which is 33 ft. long by 12 ft. broad, to St. Nicholas at Great Yarmouth which, before it was bombed, was the largest parish church in the country, covering 25,023 sq. ft., substantially exceeding Rochester Cathedral and being 6 ft. wider than York Minster. Mr. Cook rightly points out that the parish is not really ecclesiastical in origin. Though Bede uses it as a term for a Bishop's diocese, it was not till the Norman conquest that it became the parish as we know it to-day. "The manor created the parish, the church was the property of the landowner, and the mass priest was his servant. The lord of the manor therefore held the advowson."

It is difficult for us in this pagan age to realise how great a part the parish church played in the life of our ancestors in the Middle Ages.

It was not merely the place where they came to worship (often over long distances and at risk to life and limb from wolves and robbers). It was also, in part, at any rate, a secular building, part-village hall, part-corn exchange and even, in some instances and at certain times of the year, an ale-house. Before the Puritans had their way it was richly decorated with gilded carvings and frescoes. Like Mr. Cook, and any other civilised human being, I deplore the "irreparable harm done by the Puritans." In the name of religion the Puritans, with their hammers, axes, buckets of white-wash and, I fear, their less exalted predatory instincts, did their unpleasant work. "Within four years (from 1547) almost all the parish churches in England had been stripped of all that was worth stealing. An incalculable mass of treasures, of statuary, reliquaries, glass, paintings, plate and chalices, altar-pieces, candlesticks, bells, books and banners; an art heritage which had been the joy and pride of generations of parish folk was lost for ever." It seems to have been quite an expensive luxury, the Reformation.

By contrast to so much spoliation, Sicily remains an enchanted island where antiquity is ever present but where superstition is liable to confirm the protestant in all of us. What a lovely place it is and how one can feel with Cardinal Newman when he exclaimed "Spring in Sicily! It is the nearest approach to Paradise of which sinful man is capable!" In "Sicily: the Garden of the Mediterranean," by Francis M. Guercio (Faber; 30s.), the author has revised and brought up to date his earlier book. Those who served there in the war will find their major doings recorded and students of sensation will be interested in the chapter he devotes to the Mafia and the remarkable bandit, Salvatore Giuliano, who emerges, to my astonishment, as something of a monarchist and a violent anti-Communist. The chapters on the Sicilian language and Sicilian vernacular literature will also be of

great interest to philologists.

Another excellent book for the traveller is "Introducing Yugoslavia," by Lovett F. Edwards (Methuen; 18s.). I must confess that I am strongly personally biased in my approach to Yugoslavia. I was nearly bayoneted by some great apes of Serb gendarmerie in a riot in Zagreb before the war, I hated Belgrade and cannot bring myself to approve of Marshal Tito even in his new guise as the defender of Western civilisation. However, having read Mr. Edwards' book I am willing to believe that post-war Yugoslavia is a delightful place for tourists with a streak of St. Paul's Athenians in them. Half the book is devoted to the Dalmatian coast, which is, of course, a sheer delight.

An entirely different book is "The Way of the Four Winds," by Yrjö Kokko (Gollancz; 16s.). This is a fascinating book about the Lapps and Lapland. I am afraid that the southern blood in me tends to make me more depressed the further north I go. I am not one for tundra, featureless wastes and peoples without history or civilisation, but if anything could induce me to go to Lapland it would be Mr. Kokko's book, charmingly written and beautifully illustrated.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

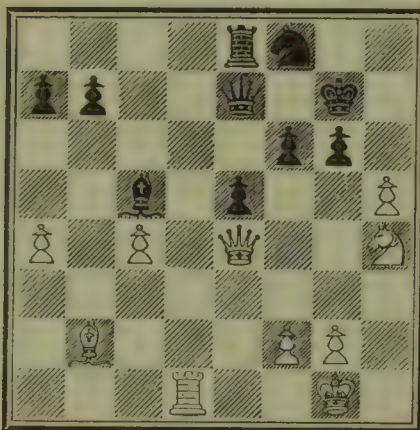
By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WE all know how often a game lasting a whole evening may be decided in one flash of inspiration or brilliance. What preceded was mere preamble; what followed is mere mopping-up.

And what motifs predominate? Two American investigators catalogued (or would it be catalogged?) thousands of games to establish this; and found that the overwhelming majority of games swung on pins, with forks a close second.

It was no surprise to me, therefore, when, playing through two more games of the recent Britain v. U.S.S.R. match a few days ago, I found that the first had been decided by two pins, the second by a fork.

PENROSE (Black).



AVERBAKH (White).

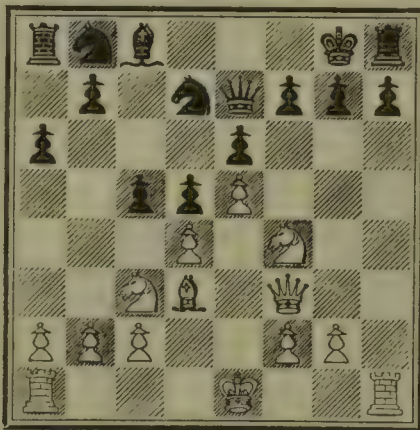
Black played 24...P-B4, pinning his own king's pawn. That was the end.

25. Q-B4, Q-B3; 26. Q-Kt3, B-Q5(!); 27. R×B, P-B5.

Or 27...P×R; 28. B×P, Q×B; 29. Kt×BP (the second pin!) and 30. Kt×Q.

28. R×P.... Black resigns.

WADE (Black).



KERES (White).

Keres sacrificed brilliantly:

13. B×Pch, R×B; 14. R×R, K×R; 15. Castles, P-B4; 16. R-Rch, K-Kt1; 17. R-R8ch, Resigns.

For if 17...K×R; 18. Kt-Kt6ch and Kt×Q.



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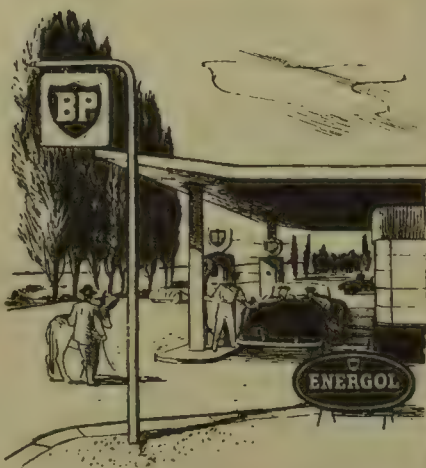
*The painting is reproduced in monochrome on pages 140—141
 of this issue of "The Illustrated London News."*



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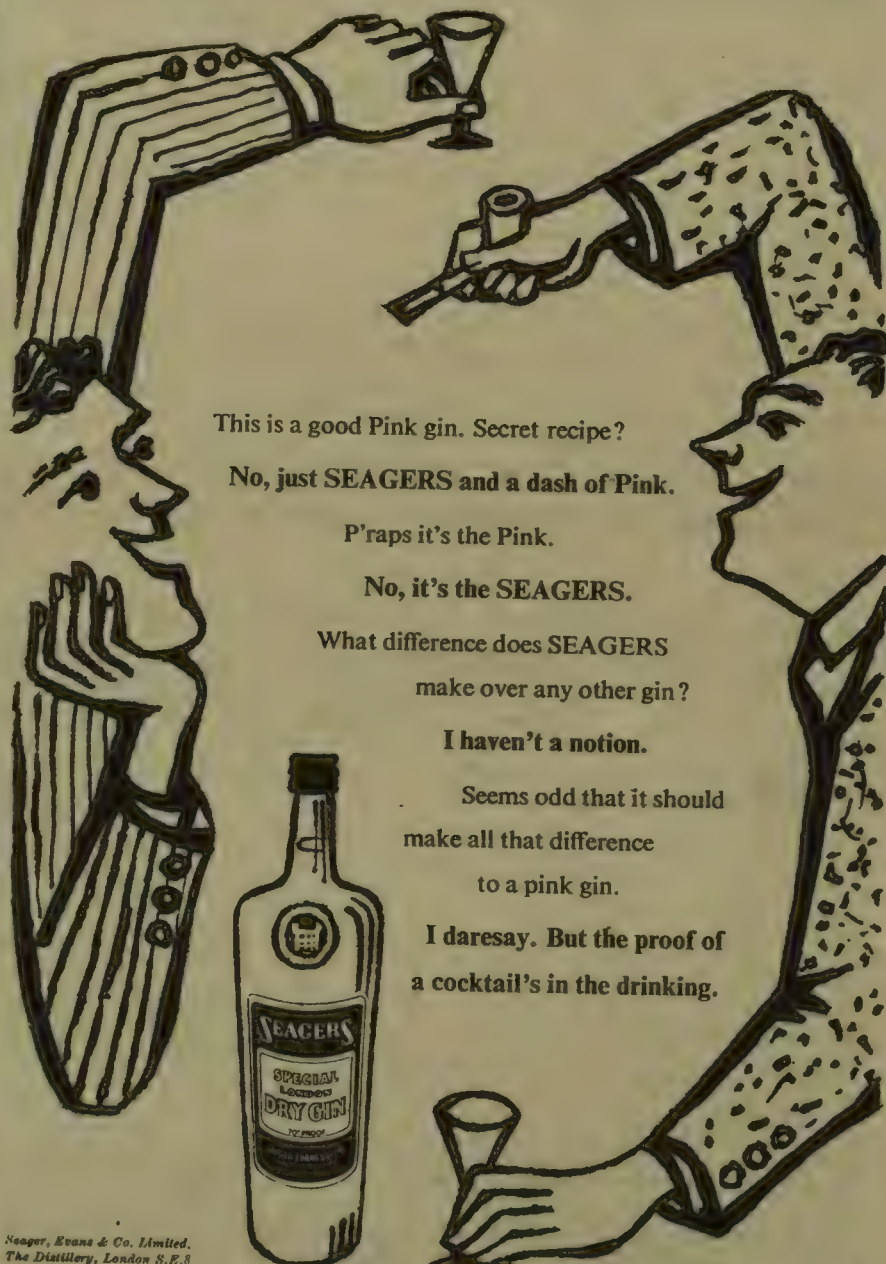
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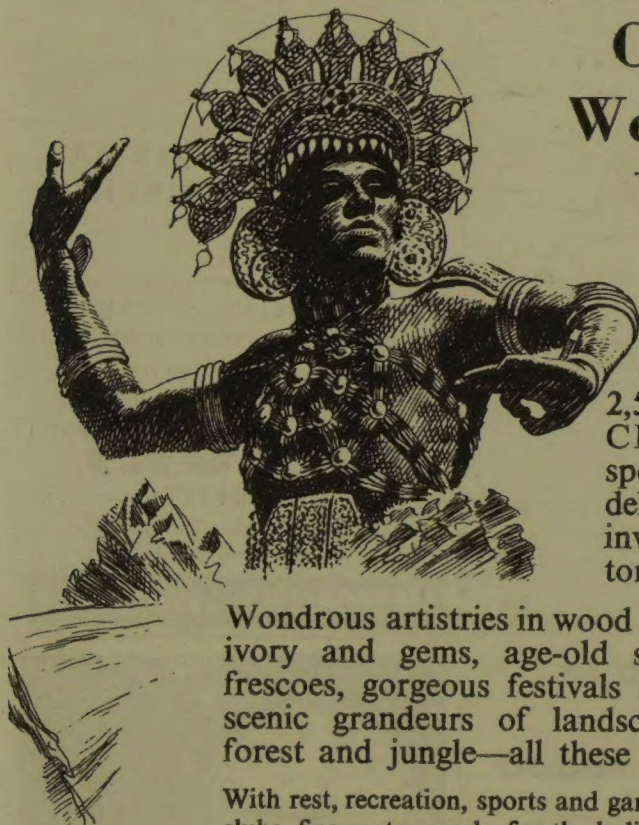
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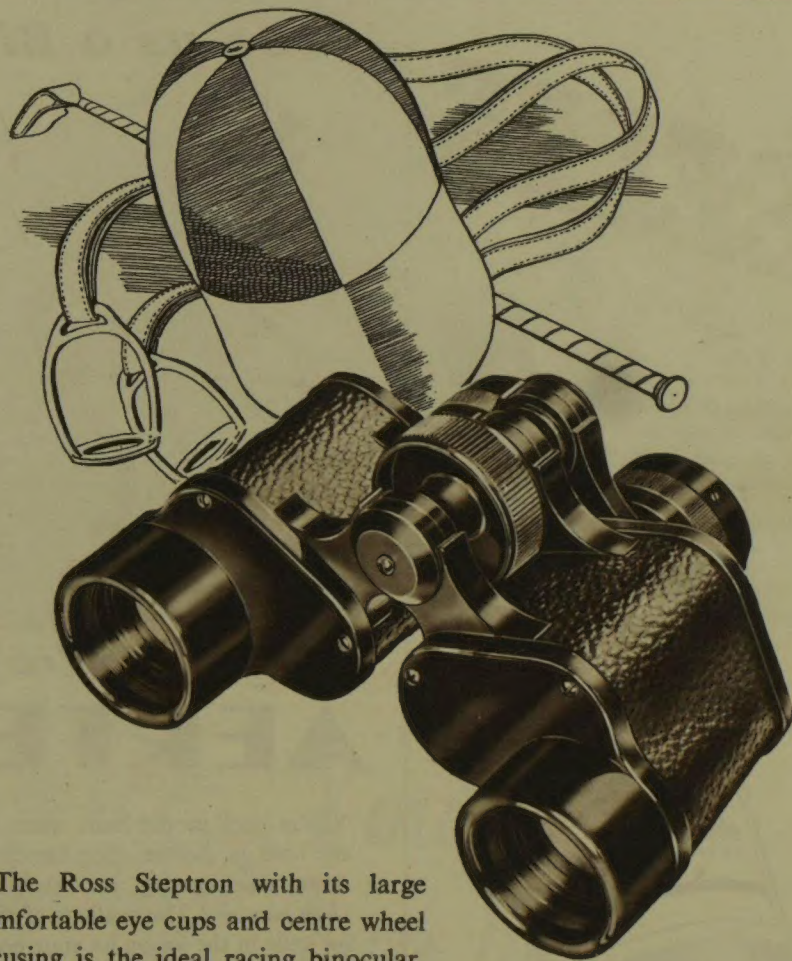
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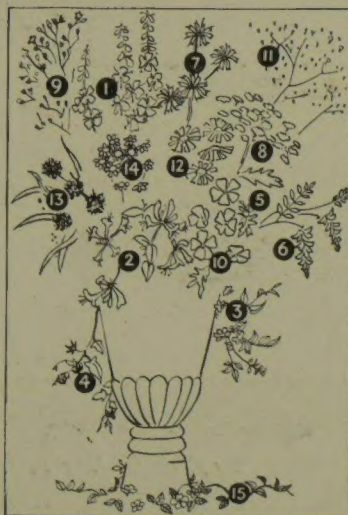
SHELLGUIDE to JULY lanes

Arranged and painted by Edith and Rowland Hilder



(1) *Rosebay Willow-herb* flames in woodland clearings, on railway embankments and on bomb sites, deserving a better name for such splendour. In Sweden it is called 'Herb of Heaven'. (2) *Honeysuckle*, hated by foresters for twisting and strangling young trees, is in sweet-scented flower. Another creeper to blossom this month is (3) *Old Man's Beard*, common mainly in the south. Garlands of (4) *Woody Nightshade* were put round bewitched pigs and horses. (5) *Betony*, on woodland margins, was anciently used against forty-seven diseases. (6) *Sainfoin* sprawls exquisitely on chalky hills.

By roadsides look now for blue wheels of (7) *Chicory*, and gold buttons of (8) *Tansy*, the leaves of which are spicy and refreshing when crushed, for (9) *Nippelwort* and the garden-like (10) *Musk Mallow*. (11) *Wall Lettuce* is out; so are (12) *Corn Marigolds*, or 'Golds', the prettiest of arable weeds. (13) *Bur-reed* looks exotic by streams and ponds. Around old farmhouses (14) *Feverfew* grows aromatically, perhaps on walls or on gravel, once the housewife's standby for temperatures and headaches before the days of aspirin. (15) *Brambles* are still blossoming for the autumn crop of blackberries.



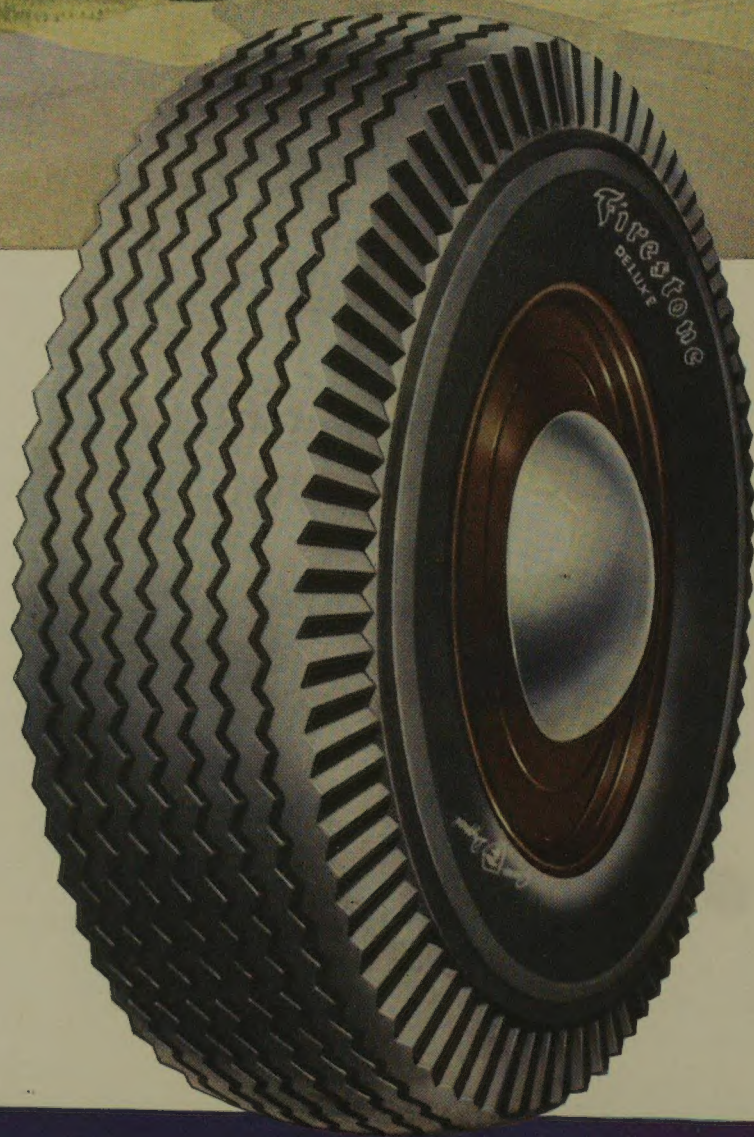
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